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THE MAIDEN TO HER BETROTHED.

PARTING FOR AUSTRALIA.

Here, sitting by the fire,
I aspire, love, I aspire—
Not to that "other world" of your fond dreams,
But one as high and higher,
Compared to which your real, unreal seems.

Together as to-night,
In the light, love, in the light
Of our completed joy we see no shade;
And from our hope's reached height,
All things are possible and level made.

So do we sit and view,
Clear as true, love, clear as true,
That wondrous valley over southern seas,
Where, in a country new,
Your hands make for me a sweet nest of ease.

Where I, your poor tired bird—
(Nothing stirred! Love, nothing stirred!)
May fold her wings and be no more distressed:
And troubles may be heard
Like outside winds at night, which deepen rest.

Where in green pastures wide
We'll abide, love, we'll abide,
And keep content our patriarchal flocks;
See leaping at our side
Our little brown-faced shepherds of the rocks.

Ah, tale that's easy told!—
(Hold my hand, love; tighter hold!)
What if this face of mine—you think it fair—
If it should ne'er grow old?
Nor matron cap cover this maiden hair?

What if this silver ring
(Loose it clings, love, yet does cling,)
Should never be changed for any other?—nay,
This very hand I fling
About your neck, should—Hush! to-day's to-day!

To-morrow is—ah, *When?*—
You'll not lose, love, you'll not lose
This hand I gave, if never a wife's hand
For tender household use,
Led by yours fearless, into a far, far land.

Kiss me, and do not grieve;
I believe, love, I believe
That He who holds the measure of our days,
And did thus strangely weave
Our opposite lives together—to His praise!—

He never will divide
Us sidewide, love, as so wide:
But will, whatever chances, safely show
That those in Him allied,
In life or death are nearer than they know.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Enfield, that their daughter should remain with them, at least for a time, and that her husband should make their home his home; and this was also the desire of the young wife, expressed as well before as after her marriage. But Mr. Hardy had made up his mind from the beginning, that he would have a home of his own, that he might be master in his own home; and he had never wavered from this purpose a single moment. All the warmly expressed wishes of his bride and her parents did not weigh with him a feather in the opposing scale. It was one of his theories, that, in marriage, man was the head, and must rule—that his judgment was to determine what was best—and that what was his will ought to be a wife's pleasure. And so, at the very beginning of his wedded relation, he sought to make the gentle, loving one, who had given her happiness into his keeping, comprehend this as his view of the matter—not in clear, outspoken words, but in such intimations as he deemed apparent enough, yet not so broad as to be offensive.

But the idea of rule on one part, and submission on the other, had never been even remotely conceived of by the young bride; and the intimations of her husband were not comprehended. All her life long she had lived in an atmosphere of mutual love, forbearance, concession, and the denial of self for the pleasure of others. The expression of a desire by any member of the household, was the signal for all to do some part in the gratification of that desire. Love, not self will, or nicely discriminated precedence, was the ruling power in the household of Mr. Enfield, and if any wore the chain of obedience, the flower-links were too light to give even a consciousness of the burden.

It was a new experience in the life of Jane, to find her wishes altogether disregarded, and, under the circumstances, a very painful one. She had felt certain that an expressed desire on her part to remain with her parents, at least for a short period after their marriage, would have received a cordially approving response from her husband; and when he met her proposal with the smiling remark—"young married people should always begin life in their own home—" she did not imagine that behind the words lay a resolute purpose to make the sentiment a practical one in their case. At no time previous to their marriage had she urged the matter, for she believed that her lover would esteem it a pleasure to meet her wishes. Whenever allusion was made to the subject, however, either by Jane or her parents, the young man did not fail to reply in the words just given, or in others of similar import; but he spoke so mildly and pleasantly, that Jane, at least, had no suspicion of the fact, that his mind was fully made up to remove her from the home of her parents as soon after their marriage as practicable.

"There is a house in Garden Street which I think will suit us exactly," said Mr. Hardy, just one week from their wedding day. They were sitting alone, in the dimness of the falling twilight; the young wife's head resting lovingly upon the bosom of her husband, and her heart all to overflowing of new and glad emotions.

Jane did not reply; but her husband was conscious, though not from any sign perceptible by the senses, that the remark gave her no pleasure.

"The location is a very desirable one; the house new and elegant. I want you to go with me to look at it to-morrow."

Jane wanted to say that she would go, but she could not trust herself to speak, and so, almost from necessity, remained silent. This silence annoyed Mr. Hardy, who in part attributed it to the right cause.

"Will you go with me?" he asked, in a tone, the coldness of which to the ears of Jane, startled—almost frightened her. She rose quickly from her reclining posture, and said,

"Of course, Mr. Hardy, I will go with you!"

"I didn't know," he answered, a little coldly. "Silence is not always to be taken for consent."

Jane felt an icy chill go shuddering through her whole being.

"You know," said Mr. Hardy, after both had remained for nearly a minute without again speaking, "that I have intimated my wish, from the beginning, to have a home of my own; and not for an instant have I ever designed anything else. He spoke with unusual gravity of tone and manner, and with something of an imperative air—"When a man takes a wife, he expects to have a home of his own, and household goods of his own. If he be a true man he will be satisfied with nothing less. I certainly cannot and will not be."

For some moments it seemed to the young wife as if the vital air around her had suddenly been withdrawn. Her heart ceased for a time to beat, and her lungs to respire. Then, in spite of her strong effort to repress them, tears gushed from her eyes, and sobs convulsed her frame.

Now, for such an exhibition of feeling, Mr. Hardy could see no real cause, and very coolly set it down to the account of a design on the part of Jane to work upon his sensibilities, and thus extort from him an acquiescence in her views. And this only made him the more determined to execute his will. So he uttered not one gentle or soothing word, but sat perfectly silent until the grieving creature at his side, had, by many efforts, repressed the upheaving emotions of a stricken heart.

Neither referred again to the subject. When the family met at the tea table, half-an-hour afterwards, the quick eye of Mr. Enfield read trouble in the face of his daughter, which was picturing its image there even on a veil of smiles.

"I have found a house to-day," said Mr. Hardy, soon after they were seated at the table, "which, I think, will just suit us."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Enfield turned their eyes upon him with looks of surprise.

"It is in Garden Street, one of the pleasantest locations in the city. Jane and I are going to look at it together in the morning."

"Don't think of such a thing," replied Mr. Enfield.

"Not for an instant," said the mother. "We are not going to let you deprive us of our daughter altogether. She cannot leave her old home yet, Mr. Hardy. It is large enough for you and her both. So don't talk of houses or housekeeping. When we consented that you should marry our daughter, we did not relinquish all claims upon her."

The young man, quite self possessed, as he could always be when there was sufficient reason to warrant an effort, replied, blandly, and with a smiling countenance,

"I have never thought of any thing else. It is one of my favorite theories, you know, that every young married couple should at once set up a home establishment for themselves. To me life's highest ideal is a home."

"We only ask you to defer the change for a few short months," said Mrs. Enfield, almost in a pleading voice. "It will be easier for us to part with our daughter then than now."

"We shall not be distant from you," replied the young man, still with a pleasant smile and tone. "Jane can see you every day."

And so, smilingly, yet in real earnest, the controversy went on between the parents and husband of Jane; but the young wife said not a word, a circumstance that did not escape the observation of Mr. Enfield.

"Suppose," he said, "that we leave the question to be decided by Jane."

"She's a party interested," was quickly answered by Mr. Hardy.

"So are we all," said Mr. Enfield.

A slight flush came into the daughter's face, on this reference being made to her; but she did not respond.

"You know very well," remarked Mr. Hardy, in a laughing way, "how she will decide. But our full fledged bird must leave the mother-nest, and build one for herself. The wings are strong enough to bear her up into the pure air of heaven, and she will be all the happier for the effort."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Enfield, perceiving that Mr. Hardy was altogether in earnest, and that their daughter was ill at ease while the conversation went on, deemed it wisest to say no more. A slight feeling of embarrassment was experienced for a time, by all parties. But Mr. Enfield broke through this by the introduction of a pleasant theme; and no farther reference was made to the subject.

From that time, Jane was conscious of a strange feeling of pressure and constriction over her heart. The unyielding spirit of the husband, deeply disappointed her. Through many hours of the night that followed, while he was in sound slumber, she lay weeping the bitterest tears that had ever wet her eyelids.

There are many who will not sympathize very deeply with the young wife in her wretchedness; who will deem her unreasonable, or weak, or even selfish. But she was neither. Love was her very life; and she had loved Mr. Hardy, because she believed him pure, good, and unselfish; one who loved her with a devotion equal to her own—one who would be to her clinging woman's nature as the manly oak to the upreaching vine—one who would love and cherish her with even more than the tenderness with which the best of fathers had loved and cherished her from childhood upwards. She had never meant to set up her will against his; and, as little had she dreamed that her husband would assume the love-extinguishing position, that his will was to rule in all things. Had not her parents seemed so earnestly desirous that she should remain for a time, she would have yielded to her husband's wishes, the moment she saw that he really preferred the new arrangement proposed. Indeed, she had never regarded him as really in earnest about the matter, until he mentioned a particular house as one he thought would suit them. His doing this, in so cool and determined a way, after he had clearly understood the feelings of both Jane and her parents, was what threw the shadow over her heart. She saw in the act a moral quality not clearly apparent before—a savoring of self-love and self-will. It was too soon after their close union by the marriage rite to discover, that he loved and regarded her only less than himself—that he was ready to defer to her wishes only where these did not run counter to his own. Too rudely was the veil torn from her eyes, and her vision opened to realities the knowledge of which almost palsied her heart.

On the next morning, no reference was made at the breakfast-table to the subject discussed on the previous evening; yet, the thoughts of all were upon it. In the heart of Jane had sprung up the hope, that her husband, after reflection, had concluded to defer his wishes to theirs; and with the hope, there had also quickened in her mind the spontaneous purpose to defer all to him—to advocate the establishment of a new home, because his heart was dwelling fondly upon that ideal. As this aspect of the case grew more distinct in her thought, and was at length regarded as a verity, the light which had grown so dim, blazed forth again, and her spirit felt an upward bounding impulse. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled as of old. Already was she forming on her tongue the proposal to go with her husband to look at the house in Garden Street, while pleasant images of the home she would beautify and make delightful for the beloved of her heart, were beginning to fill her mind, when he said to her, in a quiet, cool, almost imperative tone of voice—

"Come, Jane, get ready as quickly as you can. You know we are to look at that house this morning."

It seemed to Jane as if the light of the sun had suddenly been removed, leaving her in thick darkness—as if the warm air around her had become icy cold. The color left her cheeks and lips, and the brightness of her beautiful eyes grew dim. All this Mr. Hardy saw and understood—or, to speak more correctly, *thought* he understood. He was displeased, and to some degree irritated by this "wilfulness," as he mentally termed it, on the part of his wife.

"One of us must rule"—such were his rapid thoughts—"and the sooner it is determined which is to be master, the better." Then speaking aloud, he said, very slowly, very emphatically, and very resolutely:

"Jane, it will be better for you to understand in the beginning, that I am a man not given to vacillation. It will save both you and me a great amount of trouble. I am, moreover, always in earnest in anything that I propose, and I usually grow more earnest and resolute under opposition. Now, it is plain, that touching this matter of housekeeping, you have either not supposed me in earnest, or believed that a well sustained opposition would lead me to alter my purposes. In this, you have been altogether mistaken. I have been in earnest from the beginning; and, to speak plainly of my state of mind, I did think, Jane, that your love had in it enough of the unselfish element, to lead you to defer something of your own preferences in order to meet your husband's wishes. It seems, however, that none of us are perfect. Our ideal angels prove, at last, but women, the children of unhappy Eve."

Poor Jane grew white as death, and caught her breath convulsively, like one suddenly deprived of vital air. She was standing when her husband began to speak, but strength forsook her limbs, and she sank, almost powerless, into a chair.

"It is useless, Jane," continued Mr. Hardy, not in the least softening towards her, because his interpretation of the effect produced by what he had said, was as wide from the truth in regard to her state of mind, as pole is from pole—"to set your will against mine. In the beginning, we had better understand each other completely; and then all after misunderstandings and consequent unhappiness will be prevented. As the husband, my judgment of things, and my decisions must, to a certain extent, prevail. There cannot be, in any government—national, municipal, or family—two heads. This is self-evident. One has to rule, in all cases; or else disorder, discord, and anarchy, must be in the ascendant. As God is the head of the Church, so is man the head of his family. Thus it has been divinely ordained, and any deviation from this order, is fraught with most disastrous consequences. In taking upon yourself the vows of a wife, you consented to all this, as a Christian woman; and I am sure a moment's reflection will give clearness to your mind, and a willing, cheerful, submissive spirit to your heart. If not, then have I greatly mistaken my wife. Heretofore, as a daughter, the will of your parents has been more or less, the law of your life. But that law is abrogated. Your desire must be now unto your husband. His wishes, not theirs, must now be governing motives. I regret that you did not see this for yourself. The task of bringing it to your remembrance is no pleasant one."

"I speak very plainly," resumed Mr. Hardy, after a pause, and seeing there was no movement towards a response on the part of his pale, statue-like wife—"It is, as before said, best. Clear apprehensions at the beginning prevent a world of subsequent trouble. If all men, at the commencement of their married lives, would speak out plainly, as I do now, there would be far less of misunderstanding and contention than prevail to a sad extent, marring and deforming so many fair households. Now, I wish you to bear in mind particularly, that, when I express a desire for anything, I am in earnest; and that it will be useless for you to make any attempt to circumvent, or turn me from my purpose. Your wishes I cannot, of course, disregard, and to meet them, will ever be, I trust, one of the purest pleasures of my life. But should these wishes, at any time, lift themselves against my own declared purposes—purposes that I have set myself deliberately, and from reason, to carry out—as in the present case—your efforts to turn me aside from the objects I seek to attain, will be like beating the air; or worse, beating a statue that will only bruise the tender hands that strike its marble surface."

Still the young wife sat before him, with her long lashes laid closely down upon her pallid cheeks, her bloodless lips slightly parted, and her hands clasped on her bosom. Other eyes would have seen in that form an image of despair; but it did not appear so to the husband, whose eyes looked through a blinding veil.

"We understand each other at last, Jane," he said, in a slightly softening tone, "and, now, like a dear good wife, get yourself ready, and let us go and look at our new home."

But she neither moved, nor spoke.

"Jane!"

There was no response.

"Jane!" He laid his hand upon hers, and, as he did so, a thrill passed through his frame, for that hand was icy as the hand of death.

"Jane!"

He might as well have spoken to the dead; for ere the sound of his voice had died upon the air, she fell forward, and his arms only saved her from falling to the floor.

Love was the life of her soul, and he had well nigh trampled it out with the crushing strokes of his heel!

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Hardy lifted in his arms the insensible body of his wife, and laid it upon the bed. He was startled, pained, and alarmed, as well he might be; but not to the extent most readers would imagine. Of a very equable temperament, he was never greatly affected by any sudden occurrence, no matter what their character; and rarely was the equilibrium of his mind disturbed.

In the present case, instead of calling Mr. and Mrs. Enfield, he commenced chafing the hands and arms of his insensible wife, sprinkling her face with water, and using such other restorative means as occurred to him. Nearly ten minutes were spent in these efforts, before the smallest sign of life appeared; and then the returning pulse beat very feebly under the pressure of his searching fingers.

The father and mother were now summoned. To them, the condition of their child was appalling. Never, since earliest childhood, had they seen her thus—for never, even in severe illness, and its consequent debility, had the life-forces of her being been for a moment suspended. Their eager inquiries elicited no satisfactory reply from Mr. Hardy. The utmost they could gain from him was, that while they were conversing, he noticed an unusual pallor in her face, and that soon after, her eyes closed, and she fell forward into his arms. It was, doubtless, a "mere fainting fit," he said; and he urged the parents not to feel needless alarm. There was far less of comfort, far less of hope in his almost calmly spoken words, than the young man supposed. That he should appear so little distressed under the circumstances, surprised Mr and Mrs. Enfield, and awakened vague suspicions in their minds.

"Oh, run for the doctor! quickly! quickly!" exclaimed the mother, as soon as the first bewilderment passed away, and she could think at all.

"Don't be frightened," said Mr. Hardy. "It will scarcely be necessary to call in the doctor, for she is gradually recovering. It is only a fainting fit. See; her eyelids are quivering, and there is motion in her lips and hands. She will be over it in a few minutes. Don't be alarmed."

As he spoke, a low, sad murmur breathed through her lips—it had the vagueness of a dreaming sound.

"Jane! Jane! Love! Dear child!" The lips of the mother almost touched the ear of her daughter, and her tones were eager, and trembling with love and pity. Only the sad moaning sound was repeated; but it was less vague, and more fraught with a living anguish.

"Jane, dear! My daughter! Speak, if you hear me." It was the father who now addressed her.

The sound of his voice seemed to penetrate the shut door of her spirit. Her eye slowly opened; for a moment or two she looked from face to face of the anxious group bending over her, and then, throwing her arms around her father's neck, sobbed out—

"Father! Father! Oh, Father!"

"My dear, precious child! What ails you?"

"Jane! Dear love!" The mother bent close to her, and kissed her tenderly.

"You are better now," said Mr. Hardy, laying his hand upon her damp forehead, and smoothing back the hair which had fallen over its polished surface. He spoke in an even voice; Mr. Enfield was struck with the apparent want of emotion in the young husband, under circumstances so deeply distressing to himself. Jane did not seem to notice him.

Gradually, life and consciousness were restored; but not in the former degree. For the many questions of her parents, touching the cause of her sudden illness, Jane had no replies. After the first startled recognitions of those who were around her bed, her mind seemed to relapse into a torpid, semi-conscious state. Her countenance remained very pale; and its whole expression was that of intense mental suffering.

Mr. and Mrs. Enfield were distressed beyond measure; and it is but justice to say of Mr. Hardy, that he was deeply troubled. His state of feeling, and his thoughts on the subject, were, however, widely different from theirs. He viewed the case before him from a stand point of his own, and, painful as the trial was, resolved not to recede a single step from the position he had assumed. It was, as he conceived it, only a simple struggle for the mastery; and he even went so far in his conclusions as to assume, that baffled self-will had quite as much to do with his wife's present condition, as any other feeling! In this he was sincere. But, he was not the man to yield in any struggle for right or predominance. Let the contest be long or short, he was resolved to maintain his ground to the end.

"I did not expect this," he said to himself, as he left the house, on seeing Jane entirely recovered from her fainting fit, and took his way to his store. "I did not expect this of her,—this, of one who in all her maidenly intercourse, has been so gentle, so loving, so ready to concede, so yielding in all that concerned herself. Ah, woman, woman! Thou art indeed a riddle, most difficult of solution! How soon have the roses, dropped from thy gentle hands, become thorns in my path!"

When Mr. Hardy returned at dinner time, he found his wife entirely recovered from her fainting condition. She was alone in her room, and received him with a flitting smile on her still pale face. He kissed her as he sat down by her side; and taking her hand in his, inquired, tenderly, as to her feelings.

"Oh, I am very well," she replied, endeavoring to speak cheerfully, and to smile with a pleasant smile. But the smile and tone were but a mockery. Mr. Hardy tried to converse with her on subjects in which, heretofore, both of them had been interested, but failed to awaken any warm response. This did not soften his feelings; for he called that woman's perverseness, which was simply a resultant condition of mind, and impossible for her to cast off. He even permitted himself to charge her, in his thoughts, with acting a part, in order to reduce him to her will. This hardened him towards her, and widened the space between them.

In the evening, this state of things was but slightly improved. Jane did not come down to the tea-table, and Mr. and Mrs. Enfield were too much depressed in spirits to enter into anything more than a mere monosyllabic conversation with Mr. Hardy, who maintained his bland, affable exterior, whatever was the hue of his feelings.

To some extent, during the evening, the young wife was able, through a strongly compelling effort, to assume a more cheerful aspect towards her husband, which he received as a favorable omen. How little of what was in her heart could he understand! Did it soften him? Did it suggest the thought of some concession? No! There was rather a feeling of exultation at the signs of victory; and the stirring of a meaner purpose to make the submission still more complete than at first designed.

Longer than the next morning he could not wait, before again proposing to go and look at the house in Garden Street. He saw the paling of his wife's face; the quiver of her lips; the sudden catching of her breath that followed his words; but these did not soften his purpose, nor cause him to hesitate. They only made him the more resolute to move onward. He had hoped that, after passing through the convulsive struggles of the previous day, conscious weakness would induce her to yield. That she manifested surprise and pain at the renewal of his proposition, satisfied him that there had been a mutual error—both having looked to the achievement of victory.

"Will you go with me this morning, Jane?" he said, firmly.

"If you desire it," was faintly answered.

"Certainly I desire it."

Mr. Hardy spoke firmly, and in a rebuking tone.

"I will be ready in a few moments."

And Jane turned to the wardrobe to get her shawl. He did not notice that she staggered in her gait as she crossed the apartment.

"You will find me in the library," said he, leaving the room.

The instant he closed the door, his wife stood still, and clasping her hands across her bosom, lifted her eyes upward, and said, with an even repressed voice,

"Oh, Lord, give me strength and endurance! Make me a true, good wife! Teach me all of my duty! Guide my wandering feet! Oh, Lord! help me! for I am weaker than the bruised reed!"

Then, with a firmer step, she moved about the room, and with quicker movements made preparation to go with her husband.

"I saw the owner of the house yesterday," said Mr. Hardy, as they left the street door, "and he says that several persons are desirous to rent it, and that we will have to decide the matter to-day. I told him I thought there was no doubt of our taking the house."

He waited for a response, but none was made. The remark was intended to impress his wife with the fact that he was still entirely in earnest; and such was the effect, for she remembered that, while she was lying sick in bed, he was coldly prosecuting the object sought to be obtained, even at the expense of trampling on her already crushed feelings. A low shudder went quivering along every nerve, at this new proof of his utter disregard of her wishes.

"Lord help me!" From the depths of her suffering spirit arose this almost despairing cry. Very weak she felt—her own strength was almost gone—she must fall by the way unless heaven sent the power to bear up and move on.

Her silence, as little understood as any state of mind had been during this brief but unhappy contest, was set down to an unsubdued spirit, that yet hoped to compass its own will.

"It is of no use, my pretty one!" he said, speaking to himself, in a light vein; "these weapons of warfare strike against polished armor. I can be as insensible as iron when I choose. And so, the quicker you reduce all these airs, the better it will be for yourself."

The house in Garden Street was a handsome edifice; much handsomer than that in which Mr. and Mrs. Enfield were living. The neighborhood was pleasant and desirable. Indeed, in most respects, the choice was good. All this Jane saw at a glance; and yet, as she entered the spacious door-way, and passed into the elegantly finished parlors, she felt that here was the burial-place of her happiness. A dead coldness, like the atmosphere of a tomb, struck chillingly on her spirit.

To the All-Seeing One only was it known how, with the utmost strength of her soul, she struggled to assume a cheerful and interested exterior; to meet, with a wife-like acceptance, the earnestly spoken commendations lavished by her husband upon the new home into which he purposed removing her.

"Don't you think these parlors beautiful?" he asked, with animation.

"Very," was replied.

Jane wished to say more, but she was no actor, and could not veil her feelings with her voice; and feared that the attempted utterance of words would only betray her state of mind too fully.

Mr. Hardy was disappointed at the brief response, as well as chafed by the still unbroken, persevering wilfulness, as he considered it, of his wife.

They passed into the large yard or garden, filled with choice shrubbery, and adorned with a tasteful summer-house.

"Isn't this charming? I've seen nothing like it in the city," said Mr. Hardy.

"It is very beautiful," replied Mrs. Hardy, in an absent way.

In truth, her eyes had scarcely pictured these external things: for, just at the moment, arose before the eyes of her spirit that dreadful, never-to-be-obliterated scene in her chamber; and she was looking, appalled, into the changed, terrible face of her husband, which seemed like that of another Medusa, about transforming her into stone.

Mr. Hardy bit his lips to repress an impatient, rebuking word. With an unusual effort he kept silent. From the garden they went up into the chambers—both speechless, both embarrassed; and one in a state bordering upon angry excitement. Two handsome rooms, opening into each other by folding doors, and finished with everything convenient and appropriate, were on the second floor, and, as they stepped into them, Mr. Hardy said:

"How do you like these, Jane?"

From the moment the young wife's feet crossed the threshold of this house, a chill, as if the wings of death had thrown their cold shadows over her, fell upon her spirit; and every advancing step she had taken, seemed like going farther and farther into the dusky chambers of some old Egyptian tomb.

She tried to answer the question of her husband—tried to frame approving words in her mind—tried to master her feelings so as to speak with apparent smiling cheerfulness. But all was vain. And so she remained silent under the pressure of emotions it was impossible to throw off.

"Why don't you speak, Jane?" Mr. Hardy's impatient feelings overleaped his self-control. "Surely, all this makes some impression upon your mind, favorable or unfavorable! I am at least entitled to a response."

He had turned upon her suddenly, and was now gazing sternly into her sad face. She met his fiery eyes with a startled look.

"Can't you say whether you like the house or not?"

Two or three times Jane attempted to answer, but her tongue clove literally to her mouth.—Sternly her husband continued to gaze upon her, the angry spirit in his eyes smiting her with terrible anguish.

"It is of no use, Jane, this setting yourself against my wishes," said he, speaking very firmly, yet under greater self-control. "I understand more than half of all this to be mere acting; and the other half the painful struggles of conscious weakness. Under the law of our marriage—and you solemnly vowed before heaven to keep that law—it is my prerogative to decide all questions on which difference exists. We have differed here, and my decision you know. You wrong me, therefore, by this fruitless opposition; and you create for your own mind a world of wretchedness. Surely, a man may be pardoned for desiring a home for himself; and that wife is greatly to blame who opposes her husband in this reasonable desire; particularly when she sees that he has set his heart upon it, and cannot be turned aside from his purpose."

"Oh, John! John!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, bursting into tears; "how greatly you misunderstand me! how sadly you wrong me!"

And she leaned her face upon his shoulder and wept bitterly for some moments.

Mr. Hardy drew his arm around her, and pressed her to his side; but there was no heart-thrill conveyed by the pressure, for no heart was in the act. As the outburst of feeling died away, he said:

"I should be sorry to misunderstand or wrong you, Jane. In this respect, it is my effort to be blameless in the sight of heaven towards all men. Just, I have ever sought to be."

Jane could speak no farther. A mere servile humiliation of herself at his feet was impossible, and this seemed to her the only alternative offered. Passive she might be; but not voluntary, where volition was equivalent to self-destruction. There were necessities in her being that could not be wholly abnegated.

"Will you answer me one question, clearly and firmly?" said Mr. Hardy, with a resolute purpose in his voice, stepping a little apart, as he spoke—

"Certainly." There was a calmer utterance of the words than he had expected to hear.

"Shall we take this house? Say yes, or no."

"Yes, take it by all means," she answered, speaking very evenly, but not lifting her eyes from the floor.

"Very well. That is settled. So far we understand each other. I will see the owner, and make the contract with him this morning. And now, for the matter of furnishing; that will come up next. If you have any choice as to the cabinet maker and upholsterer, I will be glad to defer to you in this respect. Indeed, if you and your excellent mother will undertake the whole business of furnishing every part of the house, I will be particularly gratified. What say you?"

"If mother consents, as I doubt not she will, I shall cheerfully comply with your wishes."

This was almost too coldly—too mechanically—said, to suit Mr. Hardy. There was neither warmth nor will enough in it.

A moment or two he stood, hesitating whether to make any further remark. He then said—

"Come; there is more of the house yet to be seen. You have not examined the upper rooms.

Mrs. Hardy moved away with him, exhibiting a degree of interest not manifested before. The fact was, her feelings had suddenly congealed, giving an exterior placidity, and a surface of reflection. The ice was, however, very, very thin; but enough that the waters were frozen, and to a sufficient depth to remain undisturbed by the lighter airs which swept over it.

"I am glad you like the house," said Mr. Hardy, as on closing their examination, they started homeward. The remark was in a pleased voice, showing that he was deceived as to the real state of his wife's mind. How soon shall we make arrangements for selecting the furniture?"

"I see no reason for delay in the matter," replied Mrs. Hardy.

Mr. H. "And now, Jane, will you, assisted by your mother, undertake this work, and relieve me from all care on the subject? We are very busy at the store, and my time and thoughts are both fully occupied."

"If you desire it, and can trust to our taste in the selection," was answered.

"Oh! I'll willingly defer in this respect; making, however, one exception. Everything must be handsome, and of the best quality. It is always cheapest to buy good furniture, and of the most recent patterns. It lasts longer, and does not so soon get out of fashion. Don't you agree with me in this respect?"

"Yes; I think you are right; only, there must be a limit as to price. It is possible, that, in the selection, we might be tempted to exceed the sum you can afford to appropriate for the purpose. This is my only fear."

"You need have none. I desire to furnish handsomely, and you are at liberty to consult your taste in everything. Let elegance, not cheapness, be your guide."

Mr. Hardy, who was a man with but feeble perceptive powers, was deceived again as to the true state of his wife's feelings. He was weak enough to suppose that she had yielded in the contest, and was now submitting herself dutifully, and in a returning spirit of cheerfulness—the result of right purposes in the right direction. Pleasantly, and almost volubly, he talked of the future, and how delightful it would be when they could close the doors and windows of their own house at eventide, and shut out the world. How far from his thought was it, that every word he uttered struck the icy exterior of his wife's feelings, and glanced off without making the feeblest impression. How little did he imagine, that her seemingly pleased responses, were only from the lips outward—and that in the deep places of her soul, were agitation and opposition as profound as the life-sources of her being. He did not for an instant dream that a permanent change had passed over the surface of her feelings, and that, in gaining his purposes, in the way he had gained them, he *had lost his wife!* That all the sweet, loving, gentle, celestial graces of her true woman's nature, which had lured him by their heavenly attractions, had faded from the changed exterior, and retired, for safety and life, far up into the interior mansions of her spirit, there to hide themselves until mortal should put on immortality. Ah! what an error had been committed! What a wrong done! The selfish, self willed young husband did not understand the instrument upon which he sought to play, and, in his bold, self sufficiency dashed his hand in among the delicate strings, first producing discord, and then shivering them to pieces!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Miss "Steed," a lady of brief stature, having lately married a man by the name of "Curry," after a week's acquaintance, Brown remarked that it was an exemplification of the old proverb—"A short horse is soon *curried*."

☞ The question at a tea party turning upon the impropriety of one's mixing up cakes with a pinch of snuff in the fingers, fearing some might be scattered in the dough, a lad remarked that he had seen his mother mix cakes with a pinch of snuff in her fingers and not scatter a bit. "Why, Billy," replied the offended lady, "how you do lie." "Well, mother, I don't know but I do," innocently replied the urchin; "I don't know but you scattered it a very little."

☞ DOUGHNUTS.—Two Hibernians just from the *auld conthre*, dined at a house in Oscola, where they had twisted doughnuts which they much admired. So after they went home, where they kept an "old bachelors' hall," they thought they would make some of the same kind. Having duly mixed the dough and cut it out in the proper form, they put the cakes into the pan and awaited the operation of twisting with much anxiety. But their patience exhausted, one of them exclaimed:—"Jamie, Jamie, why don't the little divils twist?"

☞ THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—"A perpetual conflict with natural desires seems to be the lot of our present state. In youth we require something of the tardiness and frigidity of age; and in age we must labor to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn to expect; and in age, to enjoy."

☞ Impudence often shoves a fellow on in life, but a gentleman "Down-East" is so remarkably diffident that it requires three clerks to bring forward his balance at the bankers.

☞ In all novels and romances, there is a certain amount of truth mixed up with fiction. All the incidents related may not have occurred to one individual; but to make a work of fiction truthful, the incidents described, and the characters portrayed, must have their prototypes in nature and the experiences of life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, which will probably run through about eight or ten numbers:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Don't know.

Respectfully declined:—"A Mother's Affection;" "To Sallie;" "To My Cousin;" "The Voices of Friendship;" "Tasso;" "I Come."

E. L., Charleston. Respectfully declined.

F. A. H., Tamaqua. Respectfully declined.

SUBSCRIBER. We know nothing of the person you mention. Medicines will not help you. Avoid stimulants—mental or physical. Eat the plainest food—drink only water. Bathe frequently—take much exercise—and live in the air as much as possible.

THE OPERA.

The air at present is electric with talk about the Opera. Such unwarrantable and extravagant things are said by the partisans of that artificiality, that we are induced to add something to what we have already said on the subject, hoping that we may excite the "sober, second thought" of some of our friends into action, and by "awakening them to a sense of their condition," (as St. Patrick in the comical Irish legend, is said to have done to the pair of toads who had so far resisted his process of expatriation as to be found asleep by the side of a well, long after all the other toads had been driven from the island,) cause them to abate the language of ecstacy which seems to be the present vernacular of operatic appreciation.—The fashion of the Opera is undoubtedly gaining ground, as the fashion of full-blown crinolines gained yesterday, and the fashion of limp lankness of gownery may gain to-morrow. That it is a fashion, we think no thoughtful person after due consideration will gainsay. The very question which is upon every lip—"Will this new opera-house pay?"—is sufficient proof of the assertion that the Opera is not inherently popular. The taste for it, like the taste for olives, is not natural, but acquired. The whole thing is an enterprise, its success depending upon the present casual condition of the public mind, not upon the constitution of human nature. It is, moreover, a matter of the town—belonging altogether to the artificial life of cities, and sustained by the existence of certain whims, vanities, and the general tendency to imitation which leads people to do things, or frequent places, simply because other people of a certain social caste do so. Who builds an opera-house in the country? What likelihood of success would the musical drama have in Pineville or Sacarappa? The novelty of the affair would certainly fill the house for a night or two—perhaps a week; but after that, not all the posters and puffs that could be employed, would seduce Pineville or Sacarappa into attendance. No: the Opera belongs altogether to the city, and city life must arrive at a certain point—must become factitious, and frivolous, and vain, and spish, and dressy to a certain degree, before the Opera can draw a sufficient crowd to ensure it a subsistence. No opera-house in this country, was ever filled from devotion to art or love of music. We remember very well being present at the performance of one of the finest of operas—that is to say, an opera in which the ridiculous and artificial character which appertains to the whole class, was balanced by melody more than usually fine. It was the *Semiramide* of Rossini. At this performance, the house was crowded from parquette to dome; but the applause which greeted the most beautiful parts of the music—where did it come from? from the parquette—boxes—dress circle—family circle?—oh, no. It came from the gallery! From the top of the house where the seats were cheap and the audience unfashionable; but up there, in a place so remote and high that the b'hoys call it "heaven," and its occupants "the gods," where the show was poor, and nothing good but the sound, were all the persons, so to speak, that knew why and where the music was fine, and when to give it "full-handed thunders" of acclamation. The great body of the house—upon whose attendance the pecuniary success of the opera depended—were present because it was the fashion—knew little or nothing of the merit of the music; but up stairs, among "the gods," were the true dilettanies, the connoisseurs, the musicians, the poets, and the artists. They were the devotees of art—the lovers of music; but they did not fill the house, or make the opera a paying enterprise. We may as well say in passing, that we do not understand their presence on the occasion we mention, to be any endorsement or assertion of the art-character or excellence of the Opera as such; it simply means to us that they were persons who know that Ariel was still Ariel though in the service of Caliban—that the true and beautiful essence was different from the false and monstrous form—that music was still sweet and grand even when lumbered and hampered by the addition of a shabby and materialistic libretto, and all the artificialities, conventions, and prosaicisms of the operatic performance. We are exceedingly sceptical on the proposition that the mass of people who fill the opera-houses everywhere, know anything of the kind. It is plain enough that these diamonded dowagers, these amplitudinously arrayed ladies, these beautiful women who dress so carefully for the night, and wear such little wafers of foppish bonnets on the extreme point of the organ of philoprogenitiveness, those fans, and flounces, and opera-cloaks of the sex, and these gay and gallant gentlemen in patent leathers, white vests, white kids, and modish raiment, with their long Victor Emanuel moustaches down drooping, or their sea-moss of whiskers perpendicularly pendant, and wonderful to behold—it is plain enough, we say, that all these fine people attend the opera solely because it is the fashionable thing, and not from any passionate devotion to, or illuminated understanding of, the music therein contained. The opera just now, after long years of patient persistence and baffled endeavor, to this end, has become the mode. The qualms of nature are conquered with some of us, and we really like our olives. The rest of us never had any qualms, and find olives very palatable when in favor with "our first society." Things, to be sure, have not yet arrived at the pitch they arrived at in London more than a century ago, when the caricaturists had to take the matter in hand, and laugh down the operatic furore, and stifle the resounding "chawmings" and "superbs" with pictures of delicate dandies swooning in the boxes with excess of ecstacy, and being revived by long-necked bottles of cologne poked under their noses by other dandies not so delicate. The common-sense of England degraded the entire artificial folly with Gay's "Beggar's Opera," and the biting satire of Hogarth's pencil dedicated to an immortality of disgust the insane rage for the opera, which in its apotheosis of a famous Italian singer of that day, dictated the impious epigram current then from lip to lip—"One God, one Farinelli."

On the other hand we have the drama. We say again that no opera we have ever seen, or have any apprehension of through description, is worthy of any comparison with the drama in its best and purest examples. What opera is equal to Hamlet—Lear—to the Midsummer Night's Dream—to the Tempest? Is it *Traviata* or *Trovatore*, or any other trash—trash both in music and libretto—that will be named in comparison with works that hold the very tragedy and comedy, the poetry and the meaning, the magic charm and the unbought grace of all our lives! Is the name of Shakspeare to be degraded into competition with that of Verdi? Verdi! He never wrote anything in all his life so good as Yankee Doodle! He never had the wit to put into any piece he ever composed the musical art, the expression, the power and the melody that sings in the old Irish air of "Savourneen Dhelish," or stirs in the mournful and fiery Marseillaise! Verdi! Chaff and noisy wind—an army of split flageolets interfused with a legion of trombones and kettle-drums, and possessed by all the demons of discord—that's Verdi. No—the comparison, so far as there can be a comparison, lies not between the Opera and the Drama, but between Music and the Drama. The music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, etc., is undoubtedly worthy of comparison with Hamlet, the Tempest, or Twelfth Night. But it must be music as great and glorious as this that we bring into mention with the works of the master of the Anglo-Saxon lyre. No namby pamby, unmeaning, molasses and watery sweetness, such as that of *Norma*, will do. As music it is well enough in its place, but its place is not beside the poetry of Hamlet, nor in any niche of immortality.

We do not say that the drama is superior to music—far from it. On the contrary we think it inferior to the latter. For music is more than mortal in its effects, and the Koran fables rightly when it makes song the speech of the angels. But we do say that the drama is superior—altogether superior—to the opera. It is nervous, genuine, truthful; it makes, or is capable of making, ideas, principles, laws of morals, theories of action, the pageant of events, dramatically evident to us. We agree entirely with Bishop Berkeley—he who sang how "westward the star of empire takes its way," and to whom Pope with hardly any hyperbole assigned "every virtue under heaven"—when he described the drama as capable of being made one of the noblest instruments of reformation and instruction. Setting aside its present degraded and unworthy character, which is entirely owing to our proclivity to let the devil, as John Wesley says, "have all the good tunes," we still perceive that it is a power upon earth. It has the dignity of poetry, of reason, of naturalness, and of effectiveness. Contrast with it the Opera. When we see even "a good opera"—that is one containing good music—if we have any sense, we are forced to laugh at the positive, palpable ridiculousness of one half the scenes and situations. We do not complain that the Opera is unnatural—that is, we find no fault with it because it is not a daguerreotype of Nature; a cathedral is not in this sense natural, yet the fact does not constitute an objection to it. But we complain that it is inartistic, false, and unsane. The sound does not only in nine-tenths of the instances, not sympathize or correspond with the action, but the relation both are made to bear to each other, affronts the love of congruity and the sense of beauty, while it causes an insurrection of the reason. When we see, as in *Semiramide*, a person, or persons, in a dark vault, groping about, with weapons, the design being to kill by stealth, and hear them all the while lustily singing, cheek by jowl with each other, knowing, as we do, that their silence is the dramatic condition of their success, we are forced to laugh at the comical incongruity—the absurdity—of the operatic action contrasted with the dramatic purpose. Such things are as ridiculous as a stage "aside," which, we hearing, we feel the stage players ought also to hear. But the very conception of the opera is a fundamental fault of art. We will show what we mean by a single example. Take the music of *Don Giovanni*—golden flowing and soaring, hilarious and jubilant, ineffably mellow and tender, with strains of wierdness, of sadness, of supernatural terror—the symphony of seraphim, of men, and of fallen angels; and all this is prostituted to the service of a libretto detailing the lascivious adventures, the sins and intrigues of a Spanish libertine, vulgarly dragged down at last to the infernal regions! It is like setting some foolish and wicked farce to the music of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The same shocking incongruity runs through the entire scale of operas, with hardly an exception. Almost always this supreme speech of music is degraded to the expression of a trivial libretto, which it does not express, and with which it has no sympathy or correspondence. In other words, it is linked to a set of ideas of which the words of the libretto are the signs, to which it has no real relation. This very music—the music of *Lucrezia*, of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, of *Giovanni*, or of *Somnambula*—when you listen to it, apart from the libretto, gives you thoughts, emotions, imaginations, remembrances, of all things that are beautiful and glorious, sorrowful and sweet, ecstatic and undying. What have these requiems and hosannas to do with the poisoning, or the sleepwalking, or the special tragedy or comedy of the pieces to which they are appended? To put such words to such music is an impertinence. The music itself is more than words; it is in itself a language; and it speaks audibly enough to those that love it. The fairy music of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream is sufficient; it tells in music the story Shakspeare told in words—or rather it suggests to the mind such thoughts and imaginations as the play does to the imaginative reader; why put words to it? Art says—let it alone. Art says of all great music—let it alone; it needs no libretto; its libretto is written in the souls of its lovers.

The very form that all fine criticism takes proves our position. Connoisseurs speak of the *music* of the opera—not of the opera. When they speak of its effects, they describe sensations, emotions, impressions, which are not in the plot, or in the scope, of the libretto. Or they speak of the voices of the singers, not of what they sing. It is not *La Sonnambula* over which they expand; it is the artist;—say Alboni—the Rubens of singers—her song a flood of color and of freedom—rapturous, unbounded, exulting—dilating and uplifting her hearers with the impassioned ether of her unsurpassed contralto, till enthusiasm totters on the fiery peaks of rapture, and sinks to earth again in a trance of tears.

LEGISLATORS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

An official account of a dinner given at the city tavern, in 1778, at which the Council of Philadelphia and the General Assembly of Pennsylvania met and feasted, contains the following bill of expenses from the landlord:—

The General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania,

To GIFFORD DALLY, Dr.

1st Dec. 1778.	
To providing a dinner for 270 Gent.,	£500 00
522 bottles Madeira wine at 45s,	1229 00
118 large bowls of punch at 60s,	348 00
9 " " toddy at 30s,	13 10
6 " " sangaree at 60s,	18 00
24 bottles port wine at 30s,	36 00
1 gallon of spirits for Bell-ringers,	6 00
96 wine glasses (broke) at 7s 6d,	30 00
29 jelly " (broke) at 7s 6d,	10 17 6
9 glass dessert plates (broke) at 15s,	6 15
11 china plates (broke) at 20s,	11 00
2 " dishes (broke) at 67s 6d,	10 2 6
5 decanters (broke) at 30s,	7 10
1 large inkstand (broke)	3 00
14 lbs spermaceti candles at 30s,	21 00
	£2,295 15

The above feasting was in honor of the election of Joseph Reed as *President* and George Bryan as *Vice President* of the State—such being the original titles of the chief executive officers of Pennsylvania. And that our forefathers were not Total Abstinence or even Temperance men, may be reasonably inferred, we think, from the principal items of the bill run up on that occasion. 522 bottles of Madeira to 270 guests, is almost two bottles apiece—to say nothing of the punch, the toddy, the sangaree, the port, &c. That the effect of so much drinking was what might be expected, we infer from the 96 wine glasses, and 29 jelly glasses, and 5 decanters, &c., which are charged for as being *broken*. Verily there has been some improvement in the respect of guzzling, since our forefathers times, if, in some other respects, there has been a downward progress. Tax payers, also, would grumble now-a-days, if they had to foot up *knowingly* so heavy a bill of such a character. And yet it may be questioned whether they do not have to pay far more in secret and indirect modes. The legislators of 1778 would appropriate a round sum for a good dinner occasionally, but the amount of "pickings and stealings" probably was next to nothing at all. Now-a-days everything is kept very clean on the outside of the legislative cup and platter, but within it is full of extortion and excess.

That it does not follow, because a leak is not apparent, that therefore it does not exist, we have heard illustrated by the following anecdote: A certain sea captain, in the Asiatic trade, was in the habit, when returning an account of his expenses to his employers in this city, of charging a certain amount for the purchase of a cocked hat. To this his employers uniformly objected; but he always insisted upon having the amount allowed, contending that a cocked hat was absolutely necessary to insure the respect of the foreign merchants with whom he was in the habit of trading. At the close of one of his voyages, however, his employers found, upon examining his account, that the usual charge for a cocked hat was omitted—and as soon as they saw him, took occasion to express their satisfaction that he had abandoned such a ridiculous item:

"No cocked hat this time, Captain," said they; "we don't see any cocked hat in your list of expenses."

"No, you don't *see* it," coolly replied the Captain, "but I'll be thrashed if it isn't there!"

And, taking warning by the above, before we tax-payers begin to congratulate ourselves upon having no such items as we have quoted to foot now a-days, let us be certain that, in some disguise or another, they are not included in the rather heavy total of our legislative expenses.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

We are sorry to see an influential press like the *Public Ledger*, of this city, bolstering up what we consider so unfair and unwise a principle as that of Individual Liability in all Joint Stock operations. The financial editor of that paper recently said:

There is no reason why persons associating to do a banking business should be exempt from the principle that pertains to persons associating to prosecute any other pursuit, and no individual or firm is permitted to do business wholly at somebody else's risk; as *individuals*, pocketing profits, when there are any; and as a *company*, fobbing losses, when they occur, on their creditors. All of an individual's property is liable for all his debts *and so should all the property of individuals incorporated be liable for all of a bank or company's debts.*

Now "*all* of an individual's property," if our contemporary will remember, is not liable *always*, for the debts of the firm to which he may belong. For instance, in the case of a special partner, he may place $1,000, or any other amount, in a business—giving public notice of just how much he has placed there—and be liable only to that amount, even if the firm with which he is connected fails for ten times the sum. And this is fair, because the whole operation is open and above-board—and the law wisely allows it, because it not only encourages business, but is to the direct advantage of young men who possess industry and skill, while they are deficient in capital. Men of large means being often willing to go in with them as special partners, when they would not risk their whole means as general partners, upon any account.

Now, what is the difference in principle between one special partner and twenty? Why should not twenty men be allowed to come together, each investing say $1,000, and thus be enabled to risk the joint $20,000, without risking in addition all that they are worth? Everything here is also open and above-board, and the law should provide for its being so. The creditors of such a company know precisely what the company's capital is, and may trust them so far as they think it safe and profitable, or not trust them, just as they please. And what difference is there between trusting such a company, with a *bona fide* capital of $20,000, and trusting an individual possessing the same amount? In both cases, when the $20,000 is exhausted, no more can be got—and the individual can clear himself of any further liability by taking advantage of the insolvent laws, and thus occupy practically the same position as the company.

In fact, where the laws secure a yearly publication under oath of the state of a company's affairs, the chances of one who trusts a company are even better than his who trusts the average run of individuals. For the individual usually keeps his assets and general condition as secret as possible—especially if he be a little crippled; while a company, under proper laws, can be made to show annually just how well or ill it has done.

Now the pernicious effect of the Individual Liability principle is this, that it discourages all investments but those to which a man can give his entire attention, and the size of which are not too great for three or four men's united means. It thus tends to throw every business operation which requires a heavy capital, into the hands of a few large capitalists; and in this way operates to the disadvantage of men of limited means, by reducing the circle of their business operations. Doing this, it injures the whole community, for if all heavy operations are thrown into the hands of a few large capitalists, they will naturally so arrange things as to reap great profits from their investments. So it has been in Great Britain, and so it will be wherever the same rule obtains. The more discerning of the middle classes in England now see this, and are making efforts to do away with this objectionable principle, which deters prudent men of limited means from joining their little sums together to undertake large enterprises, profitable to them, at the same time that they are of general benefit to the community. In conclusion, we would ask our readers to consider this matter of Individual Liability in the blended light of Reason and Experience, and judge whether such a restrictive principle be not really at variance with the Democratic idea upon which our institutions are founded.

REBELLION IN THE PRISONS.

As instances of rebellion have been somewhat frequent of late in the New York and Massachusetts prisons, would it not be well to examine the character of the treatment to which the convicts in those prisons are subjected? Some time since we published an account of the tortures to which the prisoners at Sing Sing, New York, were liable—but we have heard of no legislative or other action being taken, to secure to these offending and erring men the treatment which the Constitution of their country entitles them to. That Constitution says, in the eighth article of the Amendments, that *Cruel and Unusual punishments shall not be inflicted*. Now, the punishments practised in Sing Sing are both cruel and unusual—and we should not be surprised if they are producing their natural results, in hardening the hearts of the prisoners, and making them tenfold more the children of the Evil One than they were before. Will not some of the philanthropic and charitable citizens of the States referred to, examine into this matter, and see to it that the criminals in their prisons—many of whom are not so much worse than the average of men out of doors—have Christian, reformatory and Constitutional treatment secured to them? It would be well also for such to examine into the advantages of exchanging their present system for one based upon the admirable principle of Separate—not *Solitary*—confinement.

THE DALLAS TREATY WITH ENGLAND.—This treaty, we are glad to learn, has been ratified by the Senate, the vote being 32 to 15—rather more than the necessary constitutional majority of two-thirds. Certain amendments were adopted, as to the effect of which, those remarkably reliable gentlemen, the Washington correspondents, widely differ—some saying that they are of importance, and will prove fatal to the treaty, and others saying that Great Britain will consider them unimportant, and accept them without delay. If the amendments are as is generally stated, to exclude land grants by the Musquito King, to affirm the sovereignty of the Bay Islands as being in Honduras, &c., we incline to the belief that the whole matter is virtually settled—and that the politicians, having got this last dispute with Great Britain off their hands, are now ready for some new rumpus about nothing.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have news from Europe to the 28th of February. The proceedings in the British Parliament have been interesting, being principally in reference to the Chinese matter. Lord Derby who, though a tough old Tory, seems to have in him the Saxon love of fair play, made a motion of censure in the House of Lords in relation to the doings at Canton. It brought on a division of the House by which the motion was lost—110 being for it, 146 against it. Pity that the right is so often in the minority! In the House of Commons Mr. Cobden brought forward a similar motion namely—"That this House has heard with concern of the conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese at Canton, and without expressing any opinion as to the extent that the Chinese may have offended England, or given cause of complaint, this House considers that the papers laid upon the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures recently resorted to at Canton, and that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into our commercial relations with China." Of course, anything like a motion to appoint an investigating Committee would be considered subversive of all law and government, inasmuch as it would conflict with the great fundamental principle of How Not to Do It: therefore the motion was debated for two nights, and then indefinitely adjourned.

Lord Palmerston in reply to Mr. Layard said that he was authorized by the Russian minister to say that there was no treaty in existence between Persia and Russia—Mr. Layard having previously referred to such an one—and that the negotiations at Paris on the Persian difficulties were not yet ended. These negotiations are still proceeding. England wants equal commercial privileges with other nations at all Persian ports and marts. Persia forbids the establishment of English consuls on the Caspian Sea asserting that her treaties with Russia preclude it.

The Chinese misery continues. The gentle Admiral Seymour has benignantly burned the greater part of the suburbs of Canton. Is said that the Chinese rebel fleet has united with the Imperialists at Whampoa, against the common enemy.

Rumor says that the Emperor has placed in a state of siege the five European ports of the Empire. It is also reported that a number of Europeans on board the steamer Thistle have been murdered by the natives, and the steamer dismantled and abandoned. However true this is, it is likely enough that all manner of outrages and excesses will grow out of the unhappy hostilities now raging at Canton. The difference these troubles have made between the exports of tea to England this year and the year previous, is thirteen millions of pounds! We wonder if Mr. Consul Parkes's whistle is worth all this? We suppose it is—or will be before matter is settled. Forced indemnity will, bably, be levied to fill this commercial gap.

The question of the Denmark Dues is finally sett'ed. Denmark is to receive 45,000,000 thalers, in forty payments, bearing interest. We do not yet understand whether our own Government is a party in this arrangement, and is to bear her share in the sum thus agreed upon.

Spain, amidst the spasms of her local troubles, launches a thunderbolt of thirty ships of war and ten thousand men, against mutinous Mexico. The Ministerial newspaper announces this as the force of the hostile armament, which is soon to sail. Outrages alleged to have been perpetrated on Spanish citizens in Mexico, are the chief causes asserted for this movement.—Meanwhile, Madrid seems on the very verge of insurrection. As usual, conspiracies against the Government are expected, not unreasonably—the idea of Government in Spain seeming to be analogous to the principle of the game of ten-pins, everything being carefully set up, in order that it may be promptly bowled down again.

The scheme of the gentle Bomba to transfer to the Argentine Republic, the unfortunate political prisoners who now lie festering, deprived of the free air and blessed sunshine, in the dank and dreadful dungeons of Naples, has miscarried. The Argentine Republic refuses to receive any but free colonists, and the prisoners with sublime unanimity disdained to receive from the dark-minded king the proposed commutation of their sentences, not one of them having any other choice than liberty or death. "This tune goes manly."

It is reported that the Austrian Ministerial Council is deliberating on the expediency of withdrawing the Austrian troops from the Papal dominions. Whatever be the expediency, it is certain that the Austrians have no right there, save such right as lies in the desire of Pope Pius. But probably the withdrawal of the Austrians will be the opportunity for revolution, which no doubt the swords and heart of Italy will hail. It seems unlikely that Austria will do anything so hazardous to the tyrannical peace which now prevails, as the recall of her bayonets would imply.

☞ Mr. E. T., of Havana, Alabama, who has been taking the Post since July 1829, writes us in praise of Mr. Howitt's story of "Tallengetta," with which we opened this year, as the best he has read for a long time. We think he will further admit, when Mr. Arthur's novelet, which we are now publishing, reaches him that it is fully equal, though in a different line of thought, to "Tallengetta." Our correspondent further says:—

I am so much attached to your paper, that I would not be without it for *ten* dollars a year. . . . . We have had a cold winter in Alabama; but for the last three weeks (the letter is dated March) we have had almost summer weather. The peach trees have been in bloom for some time, and everything putting out very rapidly. People are planting corn and making garden.

MR. BUCHANAN'S RECEPTION IN BALTIMORE. The *Inland City*, of Lancaster, Penn., confirms the report that personal indignities were offered to the procession which escorted Mr. Buchanan in Baltimore. It says: "That stones were repeatedly thrown among the procession, and several members of the Fencibles injured thereby, is a fact too well known for denial."

Of course the "Inland City" admits that it was the work of a few "rowdies," who thus tempted to bring disgrace upon a whole city. Probably the very audacity of the attempt, prevented the proper steps being taken at once by the police of Baltimore to punish the perpetrators. No one could have conceived that even rowdyism would descend, in an American city to such public disrespect of the President elect of the Union.

☞ See advertisement in another column "Rare inducements to Agents."

WHY THE POST IS LIKED.—Mr. H. B. K., of Seguin, Texas, writes:—"The Post is not filled with every kind of slang—it is filled with good stories and novelets, with the general news, &c. The Post is indeed my choice of all the Northern papers."

We receive numerous letters to the above effect, but can only find room in the paper for a few specimens occasionally. We like to peruse however these warm greetings of our friends; they encourage us to fresh exertions.

A LOUISIANA TESTIMONIAL TO DR. KANE.—The Corresponding Secretary of the New Orleans Academy of Science, has favored us with a series of resolutions passed in honor of the lamented Dr. Kane. We quote the following from the series:

Resolved, That the Fellows of this Academy greatly admired their distinguished countryman, and loved his fame while in life; and that they will cherish the memory of his virtues, and record his deeds of heroism and humanity deeply in their hearts, now that he is dead; most sincerely believing, as they do, that his radiant example is suited and destined to elevate and purify the aspirations and pursuits of men.

New Publications.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN; Or, The Feats and Fortunes of a Gascon Adventurer. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The work of which this is a reprint is familiarly known to the reading public. It comes very near being the greatest heroic romance ever written. It is wonderful for vigor of conception, fertility of incident, dramatic power of narration, vivid and contrasted characterization, unflagging interest, the wit and sparkle of its colloquy, and the amazing surprises and daring of its plot. As a historical novel it ranks very high. Indeed, we are at a loss to see why it has not an equal claim to rank and remembrance with the works of Sir Walter Scott, though it is less serious and more superficial than those. We are bold to say that the portraitures of D'Artagnan and Porthos, as developed in this book and its sequels, (which ought to be published with it—the whole forming five volumes,) are, in their way, altogether unsurpassed in fiction. Aramis is almost as finely drawn, and Athos, the fourth of the quadrille of giants, would be, but for a certain Werterean sentimentality, peculiar to the ideal characters of French novelists. It is evident enough that Dumas' heart was with D'Artagnan and Porthos, when he wrote, and the witty and gallant Gascon, and the brave and simple Porthos are master-pieces of characterization. The work ought to be got up in better style.—The present is a cheap edition, but it is unnecessarily disfigured with numerous typographical errors, and the proof-reading generally is slovenly.

THE INTERMEDIATE STANDARD SPEAKER. By EZRA SARGENT. Published and for sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

Considered strictly as a Speaker, and not as a Reader, we think this work the best we have seen of the kind. It contains dialogues, humorous pieces in prose and verse, debates, poems of various character, and a good number of extracts from the greatest speeches of ancient and modern times. For declamatory purposes, nothing could be better.

DOUBTS CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, by Charles Hudson (Munroe & Co., Boston; for sale by W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia,) is a clever and pungent little tractate, winged against the deistical methods of arguing the evidences of Christianity. Applying the event of the Battle of Bunker Hill the same principles and logic by which Mr. Hume demonstrated the fallaciousness of the Christian religion, the author shows that the assertion of the occurrence of the battle is entirely without foundation. The work is, essentially, a repetition of Archbishop Whately's well-known "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte"—the logical formula and purpose being the same. It is written in a good-natured spirit, and has a dry humor lurking under its assumed gravity which is very amusing.

STEP BY STEP, or Delia Arlington. A Fireside Story. By Anna Athern. James Munroe & Co., Boston. For sale by W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia.

SONGS AND LYRICS. By Benjamin G. Herr. T. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE, its History, Mode of Culture, etc. By James F. C. Hyde. J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

OLD HAUN, THE PAWNBROKER; A Tale of New York. Founded on Facts. Rudd & Carleton, New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE SILENT FOOTSTEPS. A Tale. James Munroe & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS. A Tale. Jas. Munroe & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH; OR, SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. By Frank E. Smedley. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

LARDNER'S ONE THOUSAND AND TEN THINGS WORTH KNOWING, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is the title of one of those books of receipts for everything, of which the press at present is immensely prolific. It is cheap and useful.

MORALS FOR THE YOUNG, by Emma Willard, (A. S. Barnes, New York; for sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia,) is a book of ethics for the use of youth. Its purpose is good, and its ambition laudable, but we doubt whether it can interest or enlighten the childish mind. Children will naturally prefer the Arabian Nights or Robinson Crusoe to any didactic work; and morals are better taught by parental precept and example, and by the insensible influences of home and life, than by any book of principles and maxims, however excellent.

Blackwood for February, and Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for March, may be had at Mr. W. B. Zieber's.

☞ THE HORSE'S FOOT.—The elastic tissue packed within each hoof of a horse, is so folded, backward and forward, that it would present a surface of four feet square, were it spread out. Thus his limbs and the entire weight of his body rest on spring cushions packed in boxes.

☞ SINGULAR FACT.—No man who can read is content to have a newspaper read to him by another. The moment you lay down the sheet, he picks it up and reads the paragraph again—as if he could believe his eyes, but couldn't trust his ears.

Paris Letter.

REFORM IN THE UPPER REGIONS—A CLEVER SPEECH—RIVAL ATTRACTIONS—BALL ROOM TROUBLES—AN ENLIGHTENED CENTURY—THE RULING PASSION—A MYSTERY—A WARNING TO PARENTS—THE DRAMATIST AND THE BANKER.

PARIS, Feb. 19, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The echo of the frightful snow storm that has swept over the North-Western Continent reaches me in the midst of the sunniest of the sunny Spring weather; and probably while your readers are envying us the agreeable temperature here indicated, we shall be shivering in a sudden return of wintry weather, and lamenting the warm days that have tempted out the fruit-blossoms only to be cut off by the late frosts, that are the bane of this region. What an immense blessing it will be, for all of us, when the science of meteorology shall have been brought to a point which will enable the wise heads in that department to render services equivalent to those which are rendered the world by their mechanical brethren!

The Legislative Session has just been opened with great pomp by the Emperor in person; the gallery being exclusively reserved for the Empress, the ladies of the Court, and guests invited personally to the solemnity. The Emperor's speech is a model in its way, clear, explicit, summing up concisely the great results he has accomplished, and expressing a sanguine confidence in the *regime* he has founded. After the speech, the Imperial party left the building in the same order in which they had arrived; cannon booming, and flags flying, as during their passage to the legislative palace.

That the Emperor has accomplished the results he has so ably summed up is incontestable; and that he has a strong party who ardently desire the continuance of his reign and dynasty is equally certain; but that the future will respond to his hopes may well be doubted. Party feeling is still so rife, and all parties are so strongly bent on imposing their own favorite theories on their neighbors, that only the impossibility of moving under the iron pressure of the present regime keeps them quiet. Should an opportunity of making a violent upheaving present itself, it can hardly be doubted but the "revolutionary torrent," which the Emperor says he makes it "a point of honor to drive back into its bed, never more to quit it," will show itself as violent and destructive as ever.

The season, allowed by law for the pleasure of shooting small game, closes at the epoch of the opening of the Legislative halls; and the three last days before the expiration of the shooting warrants, saw the guns and pouches of a most unusual number of sportsmen alight at the various stations of the railway lines in the neighborhood of Paris. Indeed, so great was the drain of the sterner sex on this occasion, that the saloons of the gay world were left almost to the ladies; and a story is going of a ball, or what was intended to be such, at the house of one of the nabobs of the Chaussee d'Antin, who, on the last night before the close of the sporting season, had the pleasure of seeing the whole of her ninety-five lady guests arrive in the ball-room, and the annoyance of being left in the lurch by the ninety-five gentlemen expected, with the exception of three deaf old men who came early, and played whist in the boudoir adjoining all the evening. The orchestra remained silent and sad, for it was impossible to get up a dance without partners; and the disappointed fair ones, having waited until two o'clock in the morning, in the vain hope that some of the gentlemen would come in, were fain to take leave of their still more disconsolate hostess, and hastened home to forget their vexation in the arms of the sleepy god. As to the absentees, they had all been out shooting, and had come home too tired for anything but a hasty supper, and immediate slumber.

The new dance called the Lancer's Step, is giving a world of trouble here, for few know it, and yet everybody is bent on dancing it. Great confusion is thus produced, adding to that already installed by the enormity of the crinolines. Cellarins and Laborde, the two ruling dancing-masters, are so besieged by an impatient public, that they are obliged to give lessons from 8 o'clock in the morning till 2 at night; and every quarter of an hour is said to be engaged for a couple of months to come. The new dance is very intricate; and M. Laborde was summoned a few days since to the Tuileries, to lay down the law on the subject previous to the last Court ball.

Paris never danced more vehemently than it is doing during this present Carnival. Fancy balls are especially in vogue. One has just been given, in which all the costumes were historical; and invitations are just out for another, in which none but peasant dresses will figure.—At another, Vivier, the witty and eccentric virtuoso, who ranks among horn blowers as did Paganini among the wielders of the bow, made his appearance as an invalid, in a flowered dressing-gown, night cap and slippers; his admirable acting out of the character, his comical sallies and stories, were the life of the evening.

While the gay world is thus amusing itself a grand service has been performed at Notre Dame, for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop. During mass, the heart of the unfortunate prelate was exposed to the view of the faithful, in a glass case, placed at the entrance of the choir; and the devotees enjoyed the pious satisfaction of kneeling and reciting their devotions before this "saintly relic." One can't help wondering, every now and then, of what use it is to the French to be so sharp, so wide awake, and so clever as they are, when one sees them, in spite of their sharpness and cleverness, going soberly through such ridiculous mummeries!

Speaking of the Archbishop, reminds me of a curious instance of the force of superstition among the uneducated. Two workmen were crossing the Place de la Roquette early in the morning of the execution of Verger, and seeing the guillotine, one of them remarked to the other:

"What a foolish fellow to get himself guillotined on a Friday! He might have known it couldn't bring him any good luck on such a day!"

A remark, about equally naive in its way, is reported as having been made at the bedside of the Princess de Lieven, recently deceased. Politics, which had formed the habitual occupation of her busy and intriguing career, were uppermost in her thoughts when quitting this scene of being; and it is said that in her last moments she inquired, with great anxiety, if it were yet known where the conferences on the affair of Neufchatel would be held? On which a devoted servant at her bedside was heard to murmur through his tears:

"Poor princess! she will be very happy up in Heaven, being the first to hear all the news."

Much surprise is felt that the deceased lady, who is generally believed to have been privately married to M. Guizot, should have left him only an annuity of about $1,800; a mere nothing, considering the great age of the ex-statesman. Her heirs have decided to offer a handsome sum to this gentleman, instead of the annuity, so that his family may be the gainers by the bequest.

The town of Rouen has been thrown into a state of great excitement by the sudden disappearance of a family of that place. It appears that a pastry-cook named Gadmer, with his wife and three children, left their house one Sunday afternoon, a fortnight ago, on pretext of going into the country to dine. M'me Gadmer told the servant they should sleep at their friends' house in the country, and come back next morning; but without saying where these friends lived. She took a small parcel with her, containing night-clothes for herself and the children, and a night-cap for her husband.—Next day passed, but nothing was seen of the family, and the neighbors began to wonder where they could be. Day after day passed, the authorities were informed of the disappearance, and the police were sent out in every direction to try and find traces of them. The Seine was dragged, and the body of one of the children found, drowned. A cap, spotted with paste, identified as having belonged to the pastry-cook, and a handkerchief with the initials of the wife, have also been found; but as yet no other clue has been obtained. It is feared that the whole family, yielding to the morbid impulse which pushes so many French people to commit suicide, has thus been made away with. The affairs of the pastry-cook were in a flourishing condition, he lived happily with his wife, who was very fond of him and of the children. A suspicion has, however, got abroad, that Gadmer had a wife living when he married the present one, and that the fear of discovery had driven him to this wholesale crime. The servant deposes that the man and his wife had had a long and angry discussion the day before they disappeared; and this discussion was renewed on the Sunday before they went away. She heard the sound of their voices, and perceived that they were angry, but did not hear the subject of their disagreement. The most careful search is still being made; but hitherto the efforts of the authorities, and of the relatives of Gadmer, have been unsuccessful in throwing any light on this mysterious disappearance.

The frequency of suicide here would seem to indicate the existence of some moral, mania. Even children, vexed by a reproof, think nothing of putting an end to their lives. A curious instance of the kind occurred, a short time ago, in the family of some friends of mine, very amiable and intelligent people, who blame, in their neighbors, the system of overworking young boys at the public schools, but who seem not to see how much mischief was being done to their own child, a boy of about nine, by the immense amount of mental effort required of him in the college which he attended daily. Latin, Greek, and all the usual branches, keep the poor child on the stretch from morning to night. He comes home weary from his classes, and instead of taking a good romp in the open air, sets to work directly upon his lessons for the morrow, at which he sticks until six o'clock, the universal dinner-hour in Paris. At seven he begins again, working till after ten; he then practices for an hour on the violin, and goes to bed, his poor little brain busy with its lessons, his poor little body wearied out, and his nerves in a state of most unwholesome excitement. This life, of course, makes the child ill, irritable, weak, and puny; and his father, a devoted homœopath, gives him quantities of globules that probably do him no harm, but that certainly fail to neutralize the bad effects of so unnatural a life. A short time ago, the father—a lawyer of some eminence, and really a very sensible person in other matters—blamed the child for some piece of boyish carelessness. The child took the rebuke in silence, and the father went out; thinking no more of the matter. An hour or two afterwards, the mother, who was going out to a party, went into an unoccupied room where cloaks, &c., are kept, to look for a mantle, and there, to her horror, she saw her son—an only child, and worshipped by both parents, notwithstanding the want of judgment they have shown in his management—hanging to one of the cloak-hooks, by his shining leather school-belt, and as she thought, already dead. Happily she preserved sufficient presence of mind to rush for a knife, and cut down the child, without a moment's delay. Of course the servants were instantly at hand, and frictions and other restoratives were applied at once. The poor child, being restored to consciousness, confessed to his mother that he had climbed on a chair, made the belt into a noose, attached it to his neck and to the hook, and had then pushed away the chair with his feet. Another minute, and the deadly deed would have been consummated. Questioned by his disturbed mother as to what could have put such a horrible project into his head, he answered, "I felt that I had lost papa's respect; and that life had thus become intolerable to me." If the little fellow had said, "My dear mother, it is you and papa who are justly and solely to blame for my foolish and desperate attempt, for it is you who have thrown me into a morbid condition of mind and body by the injudicious, upside down life you have made me lead, neglecting and undermining my physical health in a vain attempt to develope my intellect, and thus ruining both mind and body," he would have given a truer and more rational explanation of a deed so sad and so hideous as an attempt at suicide by a child of nine years old!

The theatre-going world is disputing over the new play by Alex. Dumas, Jr., called "*La question d'argent*," in which the young playwright endeavors to exalt the merit of money-getting by honest means, and to abase the pride of those who make colossal fortunes by speculation. The aim of the piece is good; but it is objected that the play does not bring out the noble work to be performed by great accumulations of capital, when employed intelligently and uprightly, and made subservient at once to the advancement of the public good, and to the individual profit of possessors. The great banker, M. Mires, has just published a remarkable letter in the *Constitutionnel*, addressed to the author, in which he points out this defect of his work, and demonstrates with great clearness, the necessity of large accumulations of capital, without which railways, telegraphs, and all other great humanitary enterprises must remain unestablished, while indicating the dangers to be avoided, and the conditions to be observed, in wielding these vast accumulations. QUANTUM.

GRAFTING ANIMALS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—A correspondent, whose initial I probably rightfully interpret as a man of high scientific attainments in your city, has sent to my retired home on the bank of the Neshamony, a copy of your praiseworthy periodical of the 28th ult., marked on the margin at the "Rat Story," with the request that I would communicate to the Post my opinion thereon. Previous to the receipt of the Post, I had had my attention directed to the story, and at the first glance concluded it was nothing more than one of those concoctions floating through the country; but, inasmuch as the case had been referred to by the learned reporter of the "Court of Cassation," the highest judicial tribunal of the French Empire, there is little room to doubt the exact literal truth of the facts as related.

It was not, however, known, until the suit in question established the point, that the art referred to, though long practised in Asia, was understood by the inhabitants of Northern Africa, from whom the Zouaves undoubtedly acquired it. By intelligent European florists and arboristes, it has long been used as a method of propagating rare plants and trees, and, in truth, is nothing more than an ingenious mode of engrafting, identical with that termed by English writers on Horticulture "enarching," or "engrafting by approach." How long it may have been practiced, I have at hand no means of ascertaining, but it must be of quite ancient date. It has also been introduced into your happy country, as I have recently seen it resorted to for the propagation of the Camellia, at the green-house of my very good friend, Mr. Cope, near Holmesburg. In France and Germany, it has been made to produce fantastic and effective forms. On a visit to the Netherlands, (my native land,) in 1853, I spent some weeks in Antwerp, and in my excursions in the neighborhood, witnessed a striking effect produced by that very art. It was an arch or tunnel, so to express myself, of living verdure, formed by the union of opposite rows of the linden or lime trees, which, when of suitable height, had been bent together and united; they were aged trees, probably four feet in diameter at the largest part of the trunk or pillar; and the tradition (for I ascertained it was merely tradition) was, that they were planted on the accession of Charles V., which would make their age over 300 years; be that as it may, they at least establish the fact of the antiquity of the art in question. Mr. Editor, if you will imagine an approach or entrance to an ancient chateau, through a foliated arch three-quarters of a mile in extent, the leaves and branches so dense as to exclude the sun, and almost the light, you have a faint idea of the *triste* effect produced.

I had seen the same result, in a degree, in England, where an avenue of the horse chestnut had been trained arch-wise; but here was the actual union of the bodies ten feet above my head. This no doubt will seem strange to some of your readers, whose attention has not been directed to such subjects. But if that surprise them, what will they say to the statement of the Abbe D'Amiens, who, with the indomitable zeal of the order to which he belongs, renounced ease and social position, and lived, or rather it should be said, existed, for seventeen years, in the interior of Borneo, practicing the self denying labors of a missionary? In an intensely interesting paper, read by him before the Society of Arts and Sciences of Paris, and published in the January number of the *Journal d'Historie Naturelle*, he states some facts which, it must be confessed, are to us startling. But, when we reflect on the many curious practices of the Chinese, Japanese, and other inhabitants of Southern Asia, with which we are familiar, we see no cause to doubt the truth of his statements. The Abbe, while performing his labor of love, was not unmindful of the claims of science; and his investigations into the Zoology, Entomology, and Botany, of Poolo-Kala Mautin will, there is room to hope, prove practically useful, as well as interesting to the votary of science. For instance, he informs us that the culture of the honey bee, of which they have a productive species without stings, by him named *Apis Indica*, is practised to a great extent. He had seen as many as four thousand hives in one apiary; and states that when the food in one locality is exhausted, they are moved bodily to a more favorable position, and with this object in view, are kept on floating stages, to be moved up or down stream at pleasure; a hive of these stingless artisans he has been successful in bringing to France, and they are now safely domesticated at the *Jardin des Plantes*. The paper, to which reference has been made, informs us that the art attributed to the Zouave is far from rare in Borneo, and the Abbe believes is practiced to a greater or less extent throughout the Indian Archipelago. He informs us that the *Nasilis Larvalis*, or "Proboscis Monkey," of Buffon, described by that naturalist as distinguished from all others by having a large, projecting nose, giving to the head of the animal the appearance of a ludicrous mask, is nothing more than an artificial appendage, produced by engrafting! He further states that he had seen two apes (*Simia Satyrus*) united by the tails, through this process; and that they had so accustomed themselves to their condition, as to practice the tricks and antics peculiar to their tribe, with as much ease as if they had separate and independent bodies. He also informs us, and here comes the fact which I have designated as startling, that human bodies are actually united by the same method; he had himself seen one instance where two were thus cemented as it were; and had heard of a case where triplets were indissolubly bound together. It should be observed, he does not say he saw the trio, but was informed they were attached to the household of the Sultan of Sambas. Strange fancy! Does not this statement lessen the wonder with which we have viewed the brothers known as the "Siamese Twins?" Is theirs more than an artificial union? A confirmation of this opinion would seem to be exhibited by the fact that, as in the case of the rats of the Zouave, so the twins (each of whom has numerous progeny,) have failed to produce offspring similar to themselves.

To physiologists the question is worthy of close inquiry; and it is hoped may be thoroughly investigated. Very respectfully yours,

GUSTAVUS LUDWIG, M. D.,
Ex-Adjunct Professor of Natural History in the University of Ghent.

Solitude, Bucks Co., March 5th, 1857.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE

Mr. Silas Deane, our secret minister to Paris during the Revolution, related the following story of John, the Painter:—While Mr. Deane was in Paris, a stranger, rather advanced in years, called upon him, and requested to talk with him in private. Deane, surprised at such a request, was rather on his guard, and interrogated the stranger as to his business; but he could get nothing from him till they should go into a private room. Deane suspected him as an emissary from the British Ministry, but at length determined to gratify him. When alone, he made many excuses for his errand, but finally told him he was an American citizen, though a Scotchman by birth; that he had lived in Amboy, New Jersey, where he had a comfortable house; that while the British army was in possession of Amboy, they had suspected his principles, and treated him very ill, in various ways, and finally burnt down his house, and gave him much personal insult; that he had determined on killing George, for which purpose he had come to Europe; that he had been to England and laid his plan, and was now ready to execute it; but thought it his duty to make Mr. Deane acquainted with it, as the minister from his country, and to take his advice; that he passed by the name of John, the Painter. Mr. Deane was much surprised at this communication, and at first thought him deranged. He then suspected that he might have been sent as a snare by the British Minister. After talking with him a little, and finding him very determined, he desired him to call again. The next day he returned, revealing as determined a resolution as ever. Mr. Deane reasoned with him that it was mean and cowardly to assassinate a man in cold blood, who had never injured him personally. He answered that his servants had insulted, abused, and finally ruined him; said he would have revenge, and that no earthly consideration should prevent him. He developed his whole plan, and Mr. Deane said he was surprised at the wisdom of it to accomplish the end, as he seemed to have laid it in such a manner as to render success certain. Mr. Deane told him that if he must have revenge, he should take it in a manly, generous way. He should go into the American army, and meet his enemy fairly in the field—or, if he could succeed in killing his generals—it would be lawful; but the private assassination of an innocent man, off his guard and suspecting no ill, would be abhorred by all mankind. That he could not encourage or give him aid in so wicked a purpose; but must do everything to dissuade him from it. On this he left him. When he returned, he came in a little frantic, saying: "I thank you, sir; I confess it is unlawful to lift my hand against the Lord's anointed. You have convinced me. But I am determined to burn the naval stores at Portsmouth." Deane answered, that as that would tend to weaken the enemy in carrying on the war, if he could accomplish it, he should have no objection; but would not aid him in it. He said he could do it, and would go over to England and reconnoitre the place. Deane reminded him that if caught he would assuredly lose his life. He said he should not attempt to save it. He was an old man, had no connections, and whether he died now or three or four years hence, it was matter of little consequence to him; so that he could but get revenge. He accordingly went to Portsmouth, and on his return communicated to Mr. Deane his whole plan, with the instrument made of tin, with which he was to accomplish it. The scheme was well laid, and promised success. Some days after, he came again, and said: "Now, I know you will think me a rascal; I am come to borrow money; I have expended all I had. I want one guinea to carry me to Portsmouth." Deane told him if that was all, he should have it: he gave it to him, and he went off. Deane received the following account of his proceedings, from a friend who attended his examination before the privy council: He arrived at Portsmouth, and took up his lodgings with a very poor woman at the skirts of the town. Early next morning, he went out to reconnoitre. The old woman, anxious to know who or what her guest was, had the curiosity to look into his bundle. She found a shirt and pair of stockings, with a tin machine which she could not comprehend. John, the Painter, wanted a top to his machine, and took it to a tinman and had one made. In the evening he accomplished his purpose, and consumed nearly a hundred thousand pounds' worth of stores. In the morning, every person in the town was ordered to report if any stranger had lodged there. The old woman reported John, the Painter, with the extraordinary tin machine; the tinman reported his making a top for it. John was fixed upon as the incendiary; and, it being taken for granted that he was sent properly prepared for the purpose, and relays of horses were prepared for his escape, horsemen were sent on every road, and orders to pursue and take up any and every person they found riding past. By daylight in the morning John had taken his bundle, and trudged on foot up to London. About noon, the horsemen sent on that road came up with John, and asked him if he had seen any person on horseback riding past that day. John answered in the negative, and requested to know the reason for their inquiry. They related the story of the fire, and that they were in search of the incendiary. John told them they were wholly mistaken in their pursuit, for that he was the man that set fire to the stores, and gave them his reasons for doing it. At first they thought him crazy; but on his repeating it with some particular circumstances, they seized and brought him back to Portsmouth. He was there recognized by the old woman and tinman, and sent to London, where he was examined by the privy council. He candidly told them the whole story, declaring that he should certainly have killed the king, had not Mr. Deane dissuaded him from it and convinced him that it was unlawful to lift his hand against the Lord's anointed. That he was ready to die, and he did not care how soon. He denied having any accomplice, and said he rejoiced for having obtained revenge for the cruelties with which he had been treated by the British army. He was tried, condemned, and hanged. A very unfair and false account of his examination was published at the time, and no notice taken of Mr. Deane's having saved the king's life.

☞ HARD HIT.—The following is not a bad hit at the mania for hunting up coats of arms:—Two fellows were disputing about their respective claims to distinction, on the score of ancestry, when a third stepped in and said—"I rather think my ancestors made more noise in the world than those of either of you; my father was a drummer, and my mother cried oysters."

SIAMESE AMAZONS.

The army of the King of Siam contains a corps which particularly attracts the attention of strangers; this is the battalion of the King's Guard, composed of women. This battalion consists of 400 women, chosen among the handsomest and most robust girls in the country. They receive excellent pay, and their discipline is perfect. They are admitted to serve at the age of thirteen, and are placed in the army of reserve at twenty-five. From that period they no longer serve about the King's person, but are employed to guard the Royal palaces and the Crown lands. On entering the army they make a vow of chastity, for which there is no exemption unless any of them should attract the King's attention and be admitted among his legitimate wives. The King's choice seldom falls on the most beautiful, but on the most skilled in military exercises. The hope of such a reward animates them with extraordinary zeal for military instruction, and Europeans are astonished at the martial appearance of that battalion, as well as its skill in manœuvring and its excellent discipline.

The costume these women wear is very rich. Their full dress is composed of a white woollen robe, embroidered with gold. The cloth is extremely fine, and descends as far as the knee; it is covered with a light coat of mail and a gilt cuirass. The arms are free, and the head is covered with a gilt casque. When wearing this dress on State occasions their only weapon is a lance, which they handle with wonderful dexterity. With their undress they are armed with a musket. The battalion is composed of four companies, and each company of 100 women, commanded by a captain of their sex. Should the captain die, the company is drilled during three days by the King, who appoints the most competent to succeed to the command. The battalion has been commanded for the last five years by a woman who saved the King's life at a tiger hunt by her courage and skill. She possesses great influence at court, and is much respected by those under her command. She has the same establishment as a member of the royal family, and ten elephants are placed at her service.

The King never undertakes any expedition without being accompanied by his female guard, nor does he ever hunt, or even ride out, without an escort of the same guard, who are devotedly attached to his person. Each individual of the battalion has five negresses attached to her service; and having thus no domestic occupation, she can devote herself exclusively to the duties of her profession. There is a parade ground near the city, where one company is stationed for two days every week to exercise themselves in the use of the lance, the pistol, the musket and the ride. The King attends once a month at those exercises, accompanied by his brother, who shares in some degree the sovereign power, and distributes prizes to those most deserving. Those rewards consist of bracelets, or other valuable jewelry, to which the females and their families attach great importance. Those so honored fill the offices of sergeant and corporal.

Punishment is very rare in this corps, and when it is inflicted it consists of a suspension from service of a period not exceeding three months. But duels are much more frequent. They must be sanctioned, however, by the female captain, and be fought with swords, in presence of the entire company. When the death of one of the parties ensues, the deceased receives a magnificent funeral, and the high priest pronounces a panegyric, declaring that the deceased, by her valor, has merited eternal rest in the abode of the blessed. The survivor receives the congratulations of her companions; but, as a measure of discipline, she is sentenced to pass two months, away from her company, in fasting and prayer. The military organization of this battalion is so perfect that the entire army endeavors to imitate it.

THE ASSASSINS OF CÆSAR.—Brutus, by a foul conspiracy against his bosom friend, caused his murder by the blows of assassins' knives in the Senate of Rome, himself being the foulest murderer of them all. For that act the Roman people, through their representatives, ordered the Senate House in which he (Cæsar) was slain, to be kept closely shut, and a decree was made that the ides of March should be called "The Parricide," and the Senate should never more assemble on that day. Scarcely any of those who were accessory to his (Cæsar's) murder, survived him more than *three years*, or expired by a natural death. They were all condemned by the Senate. Some were taken off by one accident, some by another. Part of them perished at sea, others fell in battle; and some slew themselves with the same poniard with which they had stabbed Cæsar. Brutus himself was taken prisoner (from the defection and treachery of his own troops) by Antony, being betrayed by a Gaulish chief, in his attempted flight, upon whom he had formerly conferred favors, and was put to death by order of Antony, *one year* after Cæsar's bloody death.—*Thompson's Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.*

TEA AND COFFEE.—There are certain districts in the United States where new notions of every description flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the number of converts are concerned; among these mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially in cold weather, and most especially in persons of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some people—that is, some persons may not be able to drink them without its being followed by some discomfort; so will even water, if used too freely; and I think it will be found that, in nearly every such case of uncomfortableness after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of things has been brought about by the too free use of these articles, or that the tone of the stomach has been impaired by improper eating.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.—"Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the garden." "Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings in the keeper's hand, "that it *is* a cat and not a dog!" "Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening his tone of voice. "I beg your pardon for my mistake. I now see clearly, by aid of the pair of spectacles which you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat and not a dog."

☞ "Fast men," are so called because they have cut *loose* from all the restraints of order.

THE TWO WIVES.

BY ANTOINETTE MINEL.

One misty spring morning, a couple of fishermen, father and son, belonging to the little hamlet of Valery-en-Somme, were putting back to land, grumbling at their ill-luck, which made them return home as empty-handed as they went forth. It was all the more provoking as it was in Lent, and fish was selling so well.—Yet it seemed, as the old man remarked, as though the fish were bewitched, for not a sole nor a herring, nor even a whiting, had they caught for the last three days.

"But stay—the charm seems broken!" cried he, with brightening countenance, as he began to haul up the net. "Here's something, however."

"Something heavy, too," added the son, helping him, and anticipating a plentiful draught from the weight of the net.

But scarcely had they perceived its contents, than they let it fall again.

"A dead body!" exclaimed the elder fishermen.

"A woman!" cried the younger one.

After the first moment of stupefaction, which was but natural in such a case, the two men hauled the net into the boat.

On extricating the body from its meshy swathings, it proved to be that of a young and handsome woman, who must have been rich, for she wore a splendid pair of diamond button ear-rings, and several costly rings adorned her taper fingers. On her head was a cap frilled with rich lace that clung to her pale, wet cheeks, while a long and flowing night-gown covered her like a winding-sheet.

"I say, father, we have fished to some purpose, after all," observed the young man.

"Hush!" said the father; "it bodes no good to fish up a dead body."

"What! not even when it is tricked out in jewels?" cried the more sceptical son.

"After all," resumed the father, "perhaps the woman may not be dead yet; and instead of chattering here, we had best see if we cannot bring her back to life again."

And suiting the action to the word, the old fisherman drew off his flannel vest, and wrapped it round the lady's bust; while his son, following his example, covered up her feet with his.

The father then took his brandy-bottle, and managed to force a few drops down the inanimate stranger's throat.

Now Claude, the son, being a trifle covetous, like a true Norman, had cast a sheep's eye at the diamonds in the first instance; nevertheless, covetousness soon gave way to compassion, and he began to rub the lady's feet and hands with praiseworthy zeal. Their efforts were at length crowned with success, and the stranger opened her eyes, but looked round her with a vacant stare, as though her reason had fled; then, without expressing the least surprise at the sight of the two fishermen, and as if merely dazzled by the light, she covered her face with her hands, and made no reply to their repeated questions.

Meantime the fishermen had continued veering towards the coast, and were soon within sight of their cottage, which stood nearer the sea than any other.

"I say, father," asked the prudent Claude, "had not we better put away these jewels, before all the *gossips of the village see them*? Of course, if the poor dear lady recovers, we shall return them every one—honor bright! and I'm sure she looks too genteel not to give us a handsome reward; but if she dies, why you know we've a right to the waifs we find on shore."

"True," said the father, taking off the lady's ear-rings, while Claude speedily drew off her rings, which he handed over to the old man, observing that she would now be more comfortable. The old man consigned the trinkets to his tobacco-pouch.

"Here, Cleopatra!" cried he, to a handsome girl, who now appeared in sight, with a fish-basket on her head,—"we've got a famous haul."

Cleopatra's joyous exclamation was quickly changed to a scream of horror the moment she perceived the apparently lifeless form lying at the bottom of the boat.

"Don't be frightened," said Claude, to his sister, "she isn't dead; so go and warm your bed at once, while I bring her in."

"Poor thing! that I will, with all my heart!" cried the girl; "but you're quite sure she isn't dead, I hope? For I'm so afraid of dead bodies."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Claude; "dead or alive, she'll reward our trouble."

And while Cleopatra ran off towards the cottage, he lifted out the stranger, and slowly followed his sister.

The day after the Norman fishermen had met with this adventure, there appeared a paragraph in the Paris papers, stating that a collision had taken place between two steamers in sight of Dieppe. During a thick fog, the Havre steamboat had run down the Bordeaux steamer, which had sunk immediately, but all hands on board had been saved, with the exception of two passengers, one of whom was a commercial traveller named Smith, belonging to a well known English firm; and the other a Madame Limery, who was accompanying her husband, a ship-owner of Bordeaux, on a trip to England. The unfortunate lady being asleep in her bed at the moment of the catastrophe, had not been able to join her husband on deck, whither the nurse had directly carried their infant.

To do the husband justice, he displayed such violent grief, when all hope of finding his wife's body was given over, that the captain had him narrowly watched, lest he should join her in her watery grave. And really Madame Limery deserved to be regretted. She was beautiful, without a tinge of coquetry, at once intellectual and unpretending—a rare combination!—and so good, and so amiable, too; loving her husband above everything in the world, with the exception of her child, to whom she was most passionately attached. Yes, he regretted her so very deeply, that when three months after, the inconsolable widower was offered a young lady, whose dower amounted to a million of francs, he was actually a whole week before he could make up his mind to accept the proposed match!

"But you see," sighed the widower, to one of his friends to whom he announced the coming event, "such opportunities are not of every day occurrence. I should certainly have preferred wearing mourning a few months longer for my poor Hermance, but my future father in-law, is obliged to sail for India, where he is going to take up his abode. He wishes to see his daughter settled before he starts, and is, therefore, desirous the marriage should take place without delay."

The wedding was celebrated most pompously, in spite of the bridegroom's faintly expressed wishes to give as little publicity as possible to so premature a marriage; for the young lady, so far from entering into his views, declared her determination that her wedding should be talked of for miles round; and that, being the richest heiress in Bordeaux, she did not choose to have the matter huddled up as if she were a nobody, and a poor girl.

Limery had, therefore, no alternative but to make up his mind to dance with as good a grace as possible at the ball, which followed the splendid banquet, to which two hundred guests sat down in his father-in-law's sumptuous mansion (or, we might say, his own, for the house formed part of the young lady's marriage portion,) which was illuminated from the basement story to the attics the whole night long.

This magnificent wedding was the town-talk for a week. The luxury displayed on the occasion, was the theme of universal admiration, and nobody gave a word of regret to the memory of the shipowner's first wife, who, though she received her friends gracefully, was not fond of general society, and did not mix much with the world since the birth of her little girl. The new Madame Limery, on the contrary, speedily announced her intention of throwing open her drawing-rooms every Thursday evening, besides resuming the grand monthly dinners which the shipowner had discontinued since he had been in mourning for his wife—two measures which, of course, increased the bride's popularity among the pleasure-seeking portion of the community.

Who, therefore, thought of regretting the poor drowned wife, who slept amid the seaweeds at the bottom of the ocean, except, indeed, poor honest Bridget, her infant's nurse, who still wore mourning for her beloved mistress, under the pretext of having lost a relation of her own, and who, each month, levied a mite on her humble wages, to have a mass said on the fatal date for the soul of the quickly forgotten wife?

One morning that she had gone to church on this pious errand, she remained at prayers longer than usual; the priest had left the altar, and the baby had fallen asleep, when suddenly a hand tapped Bridget slightly on the shoulder. On turning round, she had nearly died of fright on beholding her for whom she was praying so fervently. The apparition, for such she deemed it, made a sign to be silent, and to follow her to a side chapel in a dark corner but little frequented.

Though seized with stupefaction, Bridget took up the sleeping child and obeyed the summons with a faltering step. But the moment they had entered the chapel, the ghost gave way to the mother; and the passionate caresses, mingled with sobs, which she bestowed on little Bertha, convinced the nurse, beyond a doubt, that it was no apparition, but her mistress in the flesh, whom she saw before her.

The lady now related how she had been miraculously saved by the fishermen, and had fallen ill in their cottage, where she lay delirious for three weeks, at the end of which her ideas were still too confused to give any lucid account of herself. Then later came the fatal idea of trying her husband's love, and judging of the extent of his regret, which made her *forbear sending him the news of her safety*.

"And now I am come too late," added she, "and have found him married, and found a stranger in my home, who will teach my child to call her mother, while I have neither husband, child, or anything left in the world."

"How can you say so, madam?" cried Bridget; when you have only to appear, for that woman to be obliged to leave your house directly?"

"What would be the use of so doing, since my husband no longer loves me, and since I have now the certainty that he never cared for me?" said the lady; "for if he had, he would not have forgotten me thus soon. Why should I destroy his new wife's happiness, and punish her for a sin not her own? Why make him ridiculous in the eyes of the whole province by depriving him of the fortune for which he sacrificed all memory of myself? No; the wife is dead—dead for ever; but the mother will live to protect her child, and woe to him, should it ever want protection!"

So saying, Hermance kissed the baby half frantically, and then returned it to its nurse, saying, "Go home, lest your absence should be remarked; but come to me to-morrow at this address."

So saying, she squeezed the nurse's hand, and hastened from the chapel, leaving the good woman half petrified with surprise.

Three days after this scene, Bridget informed Monsieur Limery that she must give him notice. Her husband, who had been seriously wounded in Africa, had been discharged from the army with a pension, and was coming home, she told him; and although having lost her own baby, she had taken to little Bertha, and grown to love her if she had been her own child, she felt it to be her duty to go and take care of her invalided husband.

The poor woman shed tears as she spoke.

"I am very sorry indeed to hear this, Bridget," said M. Limery, evidently much annoyed. "I had hoped you would have remained with my little girl for good and all. Indeed, I should have thought it a duty never to part with you, knowing the confidence which the child's mother had in you."

"If you please, sir," said Bridget, "I could recommend a person who will take care of the dear child as well as I can."

"Who is she, Bridget?"

"She is a very good girl, sir, from the same part of the country as myself," replied Bridget. "Her sweetheart died of the cholera; and she is determined not to marry again, and could not bear to stay in the place where she lost him, she asked me to get her a situation."

"Well, Bridget, since we must lose you," said M. Limery, "it will be some comfort to have a person whom you can recommend."

"And I'm sure it will be a comfort to me, since I must leave my little darling, to leave her in such good hands," said Bridget. "So, if you please, sir, Marianne had better come at once, so that I may show her what to do during the week, before I leave."

"Do, Bridget, and let me see her to-morrow."

"Please, sir," observed Bridget, "Marianne is very shy, and I'm afraid she'll hardly be able to answer you properly."

"Never mind," said Limery; "since you answer for her, that is all sufficient."

That same evening, as agreed, the new nurse Marianne entered upon the duties of her situation; and the next day Bridget presented her to her master. The poor girl seemed so confused that she could hardly answer a word to the kindly questions he addressed her, and she hung down her head so bashfully, that he couldn't see her countenance. He only perceived that her hair was black; and not to add to her confusion, he quickly put an end to the interview.

On the eve of this day, the second Madame Limery had set off on a visit to one of her aunts in the country, where she was joined a few days afterwards by her husband; so that on her return, at the end of a month, she found Bridget gone, and the new nurse established in the house, and so great a favorite with little Bertha, that she scarcely seemed to regret her former nurse at all, which the other servants considered a great piece of ingratitude.

But the truth was that Marianne was not popular in the kitchen. Her short replies, and the cold and even haughty manner in which she had checked Master Justin, the valet's gallant attentions, had made the whole household set her down for a starched minx who was above her place. But Marianne seemed to care very little for the opinion of her fellow-servants; and as she never left the child for a moment, and never went out except to give her an airing, and received no visits from any follower, but remained shut up in the nursery, where she took all her meals, nobody could invent anything to urge against her, when her master and mistress came home.

"What sort of a girl is this Marianne?" asked Madame Limery of her own maid, the day after her return.

"I can hardly tell, ma'am," said the latter, "she seems so proud."

"Proud of what, I should like to know?" asked the young wife

"Of master's protection, I suppose," insinuated the lady's maid, delighted at her own luminous idea.

"What do you mean, Rose?" asked her mistress, pricking up her ears.

"Nothing, ma'am; only master said she was to be very kindly treated, because she is Bridget's friend, I suppose," added the sly creature.

Madame Limery said no more, but next time she saw Marianne, she observed her more attentively than she had hitherto done. This was not very easy to do either, for, whether from bashfulness, or some other cause, Marianne's head was always hanging down; and, moreover, she wore one of those caps with deep quillings, similar to those worn by certain orders of nuns, which nearly concealed the upper part of her face. One thing, however, was evident, and that was, that so far from endeavoring to attract M. Limery's attention, according to the treacherous insinuations of the lady's-maid, she seemed to avoid his looks most carefully, and never spoke to him when but absolutely necessary.

Feeling, therefore, quite easy on this score, Madame Limery, who was delighted to have the care of the infant Bertha taken off her hands just when her health was in a delicate state, and her thoughts were busied with a splendid outfit that was preparing for the little stranger that was expected, proved a kind mistress to Marianne, much to the disappointment of the whole household.

"A sly jade!" said they; "because she's the last come, and looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she must be treated better than any of us, forsooth!"

"Pride will have a fall!" observed Rose, sententiously; "so wait a bit."

A year had now gone by. The ship-owner's wife had brought him a daughter, much to Marianne's regret, who would have preferred a boy. She thought the father took so little notice already of the poor child, that now he had another girl, he would cease to care for her altogether. Yet Bertha, now in her fourth year, was such a sweet little creature, that she would have been her mother's pride, had she still been living, just as she was her nurse's pride; and, truth, to say, the child repaid her affection most tenderly, for she would scream aloud if any of the other servants attempted to take her from her "own Marianne," as she called her.

This childish preference had insensibly contributed to increase the covert hatred that was brooding in the hearts of the domestics towards their inoffensive fellow-servant, whose only crime was the superiority of her mind and manners, which she never, however, obtruded offensively upon them.

At the time Bertha's little sister was teething, her nurse had scarcely been able to get a wink of sleep for a whole week, when Rose observed to her lady, "It is a great pity, ma'am, that I don't understand how to manage children, or I might have helped nurse, who is fagged to death. But I was always a clumsy hand at nursing, and I remember my mother beating me within an inch of my life, for letting fall my sister, who was lamed for life."

"For God's sake, never touch my child!" cried Madame Limery in alarm; "keep to your sewing, both for baby and myself, and don't meddle with what you don't understand."

"To be sure, I have enough to do without nursing into the bargain, for I make the most of my time. I only wish everybody in this house earned their wages as conscientiously as I do."

"What do you mean, Rose?" asked her mistress. "is there any one you have to complain of?"

"Oh, lo! no, ma'am, I'm sure I wouldn't turn informer any ways," cried Rose, in an affronted tone. "I never tell tales against my fellow servants—not I; only now that little Bertha is nearly four years old, I think her nurse needn't always be after her, and might help baby's nurse, as she understands how to manage children so well."

The breakfast-bell put a stop to this conversation, but the next day the mistress bid her maid send Marianne to her, as she wanted to speak to her.

Rose flew down stairs, and as she passed the kitchen, she popped in her head, and telegraphed to the man-cook this amiable message: "The storm's a brewing now, as sure as I live." Then, calling to Marianne in a pleasant tone, she requested her to go to her mistress, who wanted her particularly.

Though somewhat surprised, Marianne hastened to obey the summons, and taking little Bertha by the hand, entered her mistress's room. At the foot of the staircase leading to Madame Limery's apartments, the child held out its little arms to be carried, to which mute appeal Marianne immediately answered, and accordingly Bertha entered her stepmother's presence in her nurse's arms.

"Set her down," said Madame Limery, with a slight tinge of impatience. "Really, my good girl, you spoil that child! Methinks it is time she walked without leading-strings."

"Yes, ma'am," said Marianne; "only, not to keep you waiting, I carried her, to come the quicker."

"Very well; now sit down, Marianne, for I want to talk to you," said Madame Limery, with patronising kindness. "You see that nurse has enough to do just now with my daughter. Now, couldn't you give her some assistance in the day time, as you are so clever at managing children? She would then be able to get a little rest."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I am fully occupied with Bertha. I make her frocks, and mend her linen, and I assure you I don't lose a moment of my time."

"I know you don't," said her mistress; "but Rose could attend to the sewing, and she might also take care of Bertha, who, being older, does not require so much attention."

"I don't choose Rose to touch Bertha," cried Marianne, impetuously; "she's a slattern, and a careless girl, who would let her contract a number of bad habits. Besides, she doesn't know how to manage children."

"You don't choose!" echoed Madame Limery, gazing at her in surprise.

"No, madam, I do not," said Marianne, coldly.

"Somebody must help nurse, however," resumed her mistress.

"You might hire an under nursery-maid," suggested Marianne.

"I know I might, but I don't intend to do so. Besides, it is not necessary that Bertha should have a maid exclusively attached to her service. I may have four or five children, and I should not think it necessary to have four or five nurses on that account."

"Bertha is not your child, madam," said Marianne, apparently restraining herself with some trouble; "and her mother left her sufficient fortune to pay a servant's wages."

"Highty tighty!" cried Madame Limery, rising from her chair in a passion; "do you presume to give me a lesson?"

"By no means, madam. You asked me whether I could spare a few hours from Bertha, to devote them to your daughter, and I answered that I could not; that's all."

Then raising up the child, that was playing on the carpet, she walked towards the door.

"Was ever such insolence heard of?" cried the young wife, quite exasperated. "I shall turn you out,—nay, I insist on your leaving the house at once."

"Don't attempt any such thing," said Marianne, whose blue eyes seemed to flash lightning. Then, restraining herself by a desperate effort, she added in a conciliatory tone, "Believe me, madam, let us not push this quarrel any further. Forget my hasty words, and I on my part will forget—" here she hesitated a moment—"that which I might recollect if I chose."

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE.

Dr. Kane was a young man at the time of his death—having been born in this city in 1823. As to his personal appearance, he was about five feet seven inches in height, and usually weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds. Complexion fair, hair brown, eyes dark gray, with a sharp, hawk-like look. He was never robust. With such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82 deg. 30 min., and to report the lowest temperature ever endured by civilized man.

"The girl is mad!" cried Madame Limery, ringing the bell violently. "Ask your master to step up directly," said she to the servant who answered her summons.

"Since you have it so," observed Marianne, as if resigned to a struggle, "you must only blame yourself, unhappy woman, for what may happen!"

In another moment M. Limery made his appearance, when his wife hastened to meet him, and drawing him towards Marianne, who stood motionless in the middle of the room, "Pray, sir," said she, "is it by your orders that this creature twits me, and even threatens me in my own house?"

"What's the matter, my dear?" answered he, half astounded at being set upon thus unexpectedly. "What can have happened?"

"Why, that she refuses to obey me, and pretends that she is to serve nobody but your daughter—and, in short, wants to play the mistress here."

"Is it possible, Marianne," said M. Limery in a reproachful tone, "that you, who have hitherto been so gentle and so polite, can now forget what is due to my wife?"

"I owe nothing to your wife, Charles Limery," answered Marianne, in a tone that thrilled him strangely. "I am here for Bertha, and for Bertha only. If I am but let alone with her, I ask for nothing more."

"Do you hear her?" cried Madame Limery. "Was there ever such insolence? Will you explain what right this woman has to assume such a tone towards us?"

"My dear Martha, pray be calm," said the husband with some emotion; "there must be some misunderstanding in all this. Why do you meddle with Marianne? Leave her to Bertha, and take another maid to help you, if you please; but, for God's sake, let us live in peace. You know I hate home quarrels."

"So you take her part against me, do you?" said the wife, half beside herself with passion; "and you expect I shall put up with being lowered in the eyes of my own servant? No, no, sir!" continued she, lashing herself into a fresh fury; "I have hitherto overlooked certain reports; but now I see how well-founded they were. This woman is your mistress—deny it if you can!—and either turn her out at once, or else I shall leave the house."

"Turn me out!" cried Marianne, shrugging her shoulders; "why, ill-advised woman, I have only to speak a word to turn both yourself and your infant out of doors."

"This is beyond endurance," cried the young wife, stamping. "Who are you, and what right have you to speak to me in this manner?"

"Ask your husband," said Marianne, with a gloomy look; "for my part, I have not the courage to inform you."

M. Limery was evidently much moved.

"Really," said he, "I am at a loss to understand the meaning of your words."

"Then why do you turn pale?" cried Marianne, in an impressive voice.

And, so saying, she snatched off the cap that partially concealed her features, and displayed a countenance usually expressive of gentleness, but rendered threatening by the feelings that agitated her at that moment. Her movement had been so abrupt that her comb had fallen from her head, and an abundance of flaxen locks streamed over her shoulders, while the two black ringlets, fixed with pins to the cap, had disappeared on the removal of the head-dress.

"Hermance!" exclaimed M. Limery, hiding his face in his hands.

"So you recognize me at last?" said she, whom we will continue to call Marianne, in a tone of irony.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" said M. Limery, clasping his hands as he approached her.

But she motioned him away.

"Look after your *wife!*" said she, laying great emphasis on the word; "she requires your help, and I do not need your apology."

The poor young wife was, truly enough, in a most pitiable condition on finding what a strange and unexpected turn the scene she had herself brought about, had taken in the end. She would have fainted, had not a sense of the excess of her misfortune overcome even nature's weakness, and deprived her of the momentary boon of oblivion.

"Lost! dishonored!" muttered she, to herself. "I am now no better than his mistress, and my poor child is no longer our legitimate offspring."

"Nay, do not say so," cried Marianne, whose anger had already given way to pity; "nobody but Bridget knows this secret, and I have bought her silence. As to myself, you know that I held my tongue for a twelvemonth and more; and unless you or Monsieur Limery betray yourselves," added she, throwing a cold look at her former husband, "there will never be but one Madame Limery—namely, yourself."

Then taking up little Bertha, who had fallen asleep on the sofa,—

"This is my only love!" added she. "If I'm left quiet with my daughter, I shall have neither a wish nor a regret for anything in this world!"

And so saying, she left the couple by themselves.

"Really, Marianne must be a witch," said Rose, that same evening to the servants. "I thought to have caught her tripping, so I told mistress a cock-and-bull story of how I had let my little sister fall, though I never had one, mind me—and advised her to set Marianne to nurse the baby—and I'd have laid my life there would have been words about it, Marianne being so fond of the other brat; so, thinks I, she's in for it. But, instead of that, they're as thick as mustard, and there's going to be a new maid hired to help in the nursery, and Marianne is at this minute in mistress's room, preparing a potion for her!"

"A sly, designing slut!" cried the man cook with a knowing look.

Meantime, Marianne was doing all in her power to soften the shock she had given to her rival, by revealing her existence thus unexpectedly. On returning to see how she was, she had found the young wife in a state bordering on delirium.

"So it is true that you are his wife?" she cried. "I had hoped it was only a frightful dream!"

"It depends on yourself that it should become a mere dream," replied Marianne.

"Is it possible, madam, that you can consent to remain in so abject a condition, when a single word would enable you to resume your rights?"

"It would be inflicting too much sorrow on you, poor soul, who have never injured me," said Marianne, taking her hand, affectionately. "Besides, I shall thus be enabled to attend more exclusively to my little girl. If God preserves her, and she grows up healthy and good, I can still be happy."

"Oh, you are an angel!" cried the young wife, kissing her hands. "But," added she, after a moment's hesitation, "do you no longer love him?"

"Would you, in my place?" asked Marianne, with a mournful smile.

"Perhaps I might," sighed the lady. "But, suppose he loves you still?"

"What would that matter if I no longer love him?"

"You are so beautiful!" said Martha, untying Marianne's cap, with a coaxing air, and looking at her admiringly; "much handsomer than I am," added she, sadly, as she glanced at her own image in a looking glass at the bottom of the bed.

"You see of what use is beauty," said Marianne.

Martha made no reply. She was weeping silently.

"Come, come," said Marianne, "try and go to sleep, and by to-morrow you will have forgotten this ugly dream, for it is nothing more."

And she stooped down to kiss her forehead, but the afflicted wife flung her arms round her neck, and embraced her fondly.

"I shall die of it," she said, in a faint voice; "and he'll forget me as he forgot you. But you'll be kind to my child, will you not?"

"Nonsense!" cried Marianne, greatly affected; "I won't let you talk of such things."

And kissing her once more, she stole out of the room.

The next day, when M. Limery came, for the second time in the afternoon, to inquire after his wife, who, fatigued by a sleepless night, was still in bed, he perceived, on opening the door, the two children playing on the floor, while Marianne sat working at the head of the bed. He hesitated for a moment; then, feeling he would only be an intruder on this harmonious group, he gently closed the door, and sighed as he turned away.

From thenceforward a great change took place in the ship-owner's household. His wife, formerly so fond of visiting, grew melancholy, and seldom stirred from home. Though not suffering from acknowledged ailment, a change was but too perceptible in her countenance, albeit she met all inquiries about her health with a constrained smile, and the assurance that she was quite well. She spent all her evenings with Marianne, whose presence had grown indispensable to her. The two children had likewise grown very fond of each other, and Marianne now often volunteered to help the nurse to sooth little Lenore, when suffering from teething. The fact was, the sight of this poor young creature, overwhelmed with grief at the revelation she had been tempted to make in a moment of anger, inspired Marianne with degree of pity almost bordering on remorse. Nay, though she no longer retained a particle of love for M. Limery, she extended a portion of her compassion even to him, seeing how unhappy he appeared, and would have recalled the words she had spoken, had it been within her power.

M. Limery's position was certainly a most painful one. Placed between these two women, one of whom was deeply injured, and the other mortally offended by his own fault—unable to attempt any justification of his conduct—for, by a tacit agreement, he always found them together—he was now completely isolated in his own home. Nor did he scarcely venture to caress his children, for fear of offending either of the mothers if he unwittingly bestowed more attention on one of the little girls than the other.

The summer months passed away; and by the time the cold weather was about to set in, Marianne felt so uneasy about Madame Limery, that she entreated her to see a physician. On the medical man's paying her a visit, Madame de Limery assured him that nothing ailed her; but, after sitting talking with her for some time, he formed quite a different opinion; and, on Marianne's accompanying him out of the room, he said, "She is in a deep decline; and unless I am much mistaken, the cause is entirely a moral one; and as you seem to enjoy her confidence, no doubt you are well aware of its nature."

Marianne sighed, but made no answer.

"Whatever be the cause," resumed the doctor, taking her silence as an affirmative, "it must be speedily removed."

"That is beyond possibility," said Marianne, in a sad tone.

"Then she is a lost woman," said the doctor, turning away.

"Oh, sir!" said Marianne, clasping her hands, "can nothing else be done?"

"There are half-measures that may be attempted," replied the doctor, "such as change of residence, and travelling; these may stop the evil for a time."

And so saying, with a familiar nod to one whom he took to be a lady's-maid, he left the house, considering he had done all that was sufficient.

Marianne composed her countenance; and coming back, with a smile, told Madame Limery that the doctor had suggested a pleasant remedy—namely, spending the winter in Italy.

"But will you go with me?" asked the invalid.

"To be sure I will," replied Marianne. "Besides, I shall be glad to remove Bertha to a warmer climate, as I am afraid she will have the hooping-cough this winter. We'll take the nurse with us, and discharge Rose, who is not the sort of person for us, and hire an Italian maid, when we reach Italy, that the children may acquire the language. What say you to my plan?"

"That I am most grateful for it, as well as for all other kindnesses," cried Martha, holding out her hand. "Truth to say, it will be a relief to me to leave this house, where my presence is a kind of sacrilege. Oh! yes!—let us go to Italy."

An hour after the doctor's departure, Marianne appeared in M. Limery's sitting-room, without being summoned, for the first time since she had taken up her abode in the house.

"Hermance!" cried he, starting to his feet, "are you come to forgive me?"

"I am not come to speak about either you or myself," replied she, coldly, "but about your wife, who will die of grief, unless she be removed from here. Such is Dr. B——'s opinion."

"Good God!" exclaimed he, sinking back into his chair. "I should be her murderer!"

"Then you must not let her die," observed Marianne. "The doctor advises a journey to

Italy; she is desirous of going, and all we want is your authorization."

"Is there any need of that?" cried the husband; "and am I not most happy to gratify her wishes, or yours either, Hermance?"

"If so," interrupted Marianne, "I will prepare at once for our departure. I have great hopes this journey will relieve her, by removing her from the sad associations that prey upon her mind."

"And I must be left desolate and alone!" said M. Limery, in a tone of hopeless discouragement.

"Are you not so nearly always, thanks to the false position in which you have placed yourself?"

"Do not reproach me, Hermance; I am sufficiently punished!"

"All faults bring their own punishment—and isolation will be yours."

"But must my expiation be everlasting?" cried he.

"Not that either," said Marianne, more gently; "time heals many a wound; and by the time the children are grown up, we may meet as old friends, and go and live in Paris, and unite our daughters to the husbands of their choice."

"You are an angel!" exclaimed he, seizing her hand, and covering it with kisses.

"I am your wife's friend," answered she, withdrawing her hand, moistened with his tears; "never forget that."

A fortnight after this conversation, the two ladies set off for Italy. At M. Limery's urgent request, Marianne undertook to give him news of the invalid's progress towards recovery; but on the express condition that he was never to write her an answer. She kept her promise literally, sending him bulletins rather than letters, just as a real lady's-maid might have done; while Martha wrote once a fortnight, giving him details about the children, and Marianne, and the beauties of Florence; but never saying a word about herself or her health.

The two friends had agreed to spend the winter in Naples, and set off with that intention, towards the middle of November. But on reaching Rome, Martha seemed little inclined to go any further; and when Marianne represented to her that the climate of Naples was still more beautiful, she answered faintly,

"I shall go no further—this is the end of *my* journey."

From thenceforward, Marianne carried on the correspondence with M. Limery, unassisted by her friend, who was too weak to write, and soon grew too weak to leave her chamber, and lastly her bed. It became at length necessary to prepare her husband for the worst; and scarcely had this been done, in as feeling a manner as possible by Marianne, when the young wife began sinking so rapidly, that it seemed beyond that she could survive to the end of the

On the 30th January she attempted to pen a letter to her husband, but was unable to it till the next morning, when she handed it to Marianne, entreating her to promise to follow the injunctions it contained. But her friend strove to divert her thoughts by observing, in a cheerful voice, that she could not give a promise without knowing what was required of her, and there was plenty of time to discuss the matter, whatever it might be, another time, when she felt better.

"Another time!" echoed Martha, sadly. "I have no time left—so promise me at once."

"I will do everything you wish, dear," said Marianne, kissing her affectionately. After that, Martha sank into a torpid state, and her spirit passed away so gently, that when the Italian maid, who watched by her bed when Marianne as in the nursery, came to summon her, saying, she thought her mistress was sleeping too ng, and too heavily—it was only by her statuelike immobility that Marianne recognised that er poor friend's troubles were over.

It was a painful task for Madame Limery to nform the widower of his loss; and the only onsolation she ventured to offer him was to remind him he had two sweet children, who longed to see their papa once more. At the same me she enclosed the letter poor Martha had ritten, and which she had read at the dying ife's request; adding, "I make no commentry on her letter. I promised to fulfil her ishes; but recollect that, come what may, the emory of this dear victim will always be an surmountable barrier between us. Your two hildren shall still have a mother, but you have e wife left."

Martha's letter ran as follows:—

"The moment you receive this, pray start or Italy, and join your children and your wife. Her health is much better, and you can bring er back to France; but take my advice, and o not settle in Bordeaux, but rather in Paris, where no one will inquire why her hair is fixn, or why she is taller than she used to be. Oh, Charles! I am going to die,—but it is all or the best, for ever since I discovered how r superior Hermance is to me, in every repect, I felt my death to be desirable. Another, perhaps, would say, 'Remember me when I am one;' but I shall say, 'Forget me,' and only emember that you have one child more to love, and thank God for having restored to you such a wife." "MARTHA."

A few years after, on inquiring at Bordeaux what had become of the rich ship-owner, we learnt that he had left that city, and gone to oin his wife in Italy. From thence they had turned to France, and taken up their abode in aris. On making subsequent inquiries, durg a visit to the capital, we heard that M. Limery, now a millionaire, inhabited a charming mansion in the Champs-Elysees, that was furlished in the most exquisite taste. The former hip-owner's family consisted of his wife and wo pretty little girls—one ten years old, and other seven. Madame Limery was devotedly attached to her children; and as they are too young to go into society, she scarcely ver joined any parties, and hardly ever lost ight of them, either day or night, for they lept in her bed-room, as she never liked to ntrust them to a nurse. M. Limery's apartment was at the opposite end of the mansion.

Report said that M. Limery had been twice arried, and that Bertha, his eldest daughter, as the offspring of his first marriage. But his was not generally known, and nobody ever luded to the circumstance in presence of the amily. Indeed, Madame Limery's devoted ndness for both children made it difficult to istinguish which child was her own. The nly thing that appeared strange was, that the ldest child should be so extremely like her. informant added that the Limerys must be ppy couple, as few husbands were more atntive to their wife than the former shipowner Bordeaux.

THE FATAL CRINOLINE.

In the Rue St. Martin le Grand, there lived lately the happiest married couple in all Paris—M. Valdemont, a chemist, and his blooming and beautiful wife, Jeannette. Madame Jeannette adored her husband, who was, in truth, a very intelligent and kind-hearted man, and of some eminence in his profession; and he in turn worshiped his "heart's delight," as he called his wife, with a fervor which scarce permitted him to think of aught else but her comfort and pleasure. The felicity of this youthful pair was the talk of all the street, and Valdemont was the envy of all his bachelor friends.

Madame Valdemont had but one failing. She eagerly studied the fashions; and having once seen in the shop-windows, or on the street, a new cut of dress, a smaller and more modish bonnet than she then possessed, had no peace of mind till her graceful form or queenly head was decked in the new style. Valdemont was too indulgent and wise a husband to interfere with these his wife's petty weaknesses, and generally gladly procured for her all that she asked.

Coming in to his dinner one day, he noticed upon the countenance of his Jeannette that expression of faint, melancholy longing which the indulgent husband will readily recognize as the unfailing tell-tale of some new-born desire.

"What is it, heart's delight?" asked he, as, dinner finished, they sat over their coffee.

"Nothing, dearest Charles," was the answer, in that peculiar tone of voice which assures the listening husband that "nothing" means "everything."

"You seem feverish, dearest," suggested Valdemont. "Permit me to send for the doctor."

"No, no, pray do not," begged madame. "Indeed, I feel quite well; but—" and she hesitated.

"Well—but what, heart's delight?" asked the husband. "If you have a wish unfulfilled, pray tell it me. You know if it is in my power you shall have all your heart desires."

There was yet a little pretty hesitation on Madame Jeannette's part, but after sundry encouraging requests from her husband, she at length spoke out.

"It is a wish which I know you will declare absurd; but I will tell it since you ask me to. You have long ridiculed the new fashion by which the dresses of the ladies are so beautifully distended. I was at first of your mind, and thought the hoops unbearable. But alas! I see plainly that unless one follows this fashion, she will become the laughing-stock of her lady friends. And walking out this morning, I saw, in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the most beautiful crinolines! Dear Charles, I feel that the happiness of my life depends on a purchase at that *magasin*. I shall not dare to go out upon the Boulevard again, without having previously my dress arranged in the new style."

This said, Madame Valdemont reclined upon the ottoman, overcome by her feelings, and casting looks of agonized entreaty at her lord, who was, meantime, with saddened expression, carefully examining the flowers upon the wall-paper of the room.

"Dearest Jeannette," he said at last, "you know how gladly I have always fulfilled your slightest wish. But this time, darling I must remonstrate. I have an unconquerable dislike to crinoline."

"But I shall become sick with disappointment, I am sure," urges madame.

"I trust your common sense, and your love for your husband, will prevent such a calamity, my dear," answered Valdemont; "for I must assure you that this one of your wishes must be disappointed. Crinoline you cannot have."

At these cruel words Jeannette, weeping with disappointment, withdrew to her bed-room and locked the door on her hard-hearted spouse, threatening never to emerge from this apartment till her wish was granted; and preferring death by starvation to life without crinoline.

What was Valdemont to do? Sorrow-stricken at this sudden interruption to his cherished bliss, but experiencing an exceedingly strong aversion to the article which was the unfortunate cause of the disagreement, he retired to his laboratory to muse upon the course of his affairs. Here musing, he finally came upon a solution of the difficulty. For are not all things possible to genius?

It was already night when he knocked at the door of his wife's self constituted prison.

"Pray open. It is I, Jeannette."

"Without the crinoline there is no entrance here," resounded from the chamber, in a firm, yet agitated voice.

"Your wishes shall be fulfilled," was the answer; and in the same moment the door was opened, and Jeannette took in one arm her husband, and in the other hand the longed-for garment.

What a shameful deceit! There was no crinoline, but a simple skirt, colorless and formless. Jeannette would have fainted, but Valdemont begged her to restrain the impulse and attend upon his motions; whereupon he drew out a small elastic pipe and through it blew with might and main into the shapeless garment, which shortly developed itself into the noblest and most colossal proportions. It was of India-rubber cloth, and the fruit of Valdemont's genius and domestic trouble.

Jeannette, as may be supposed, was almost beside herself for joy at this discovery, the size and grace of which far surpassed the most famous crinoline. She hugged her husband to her heart, and thereafter each day walked out upon the Boulevards, the envy of all the ladies, who beheld in the circumference of her dress their most cherished hopes excelled.

But, though the happiness of his wife was now complete, there were some disagreeable circumstances attending upon this new peace. He found himself cruelly separated from his wife by his unrelaxing invention. When arrayed in her new garment no one could approach within less than four feet of her person. To kiss her was evidently impracticable to the affectionate husband. To walk out as of yore, arm in arm, was also in the catalogue of impossibilities. He could not even reach her extended hand, and was obliged to devise a small tray fastened to a stick, by means of which to reach her such smaller articles as she needed.

But more fatal than all this to his happiness, and even to his health, was the diurnal necessity for filling with air the fatal garment. The exertion was too great for him, and shortly his lungs became seriously affected. But here his chemical knowledge came again to his aid. He constructed vessels in which he was enabled to compress, by mechanical processes, such quantities of air as sufficed to extend to its greatest latitude his wife's skirt. The aperture in this needed only to be securely fastened to an opening in the air vessel and a spigot turned, when, in a very few moments the compressed air rushed into and extended the loved garment.

One evening Valdemont had gone out on business. His wife, who desired to attend a party, stood ready dressed upon the floor, anxiously awaiting his return—for she lacked yet one thing of completeness—she was not inflated. The minutes flew by, the time drew nigh for her departure, yet no Valdemont appeared. Despairing of his return, madame at last sends her *femme de chambre* into the laboratory for the air-vessel, with the determination themselves to make the application. The girl returns quickly with the receiver, fastens the vent securely to the short connecting pipe, and withdraws the stopper. The inflation proceeds with marvelous celerity, and in a few moments madame, to her extreme delight, has attained a greater breath than ever before. But alas! suddenly the poor woman feels herself drawn upward from her feet by some mysterious power. Shrieking vainly for help, she is wafted out of the open door into the garden, and then the frantic servant sees her ascend with terrible rapidity into mid air, disappearing finally in the clouds.

Just then Valdemont returned to his home. He hears the screams of the servant-girl, and hastens to inquire the cause. She points to the supposititious air-receiver, yet lying upon the floor. In one moment the dreadful truth flashes across his mind. The receiver used contained not air but hydrogen gas, very highly compressed, intended for the inflation of a monster balloon. His Jeannette, by his own criminal carelessness, had misapplied the dangerous gas, and was now, alas! floating away, at random, through space.

Walking along the Paris Boulevards of late you may see a forlorn looking man, staring with vacant, soulless eyes towards the heavens, as though hoping to descry some extraordinary thing in the clouds. It is the unfortunate Valdemont, who, bereft at one fell blow of his senses, and of the wife of his bosom, now vainly gazes after the loved one lost.

It is known that there are certain laws which govern comets and other slightly luminous bodies moving in eccentric orbits. These laws of motion being applied by a distinguished French astronomer to the case of Madame Valdemont, he has determined that she will be again visible to the unassisted eye of observers in 8 years, 2 months, and 12 days. It is hoped that, on the occurrence of that event, measures may be taken to secure the unfortunate lady, and prevent her further rambling through space. But as ere that time arrives, crinoline will be gone out of fashion, it is feared she will, on beholding the comely shapes of the fashionable ladies of that sensible day, die of mortification at the recollection of her former inflated folly.

CANTON WITHIN THE WALLS.

Of the city of Canton within the walls we engrave a view from a drawing by a Chinese artist. In the left hand foreground is the sedan, which is a general conveyance used by persons of quality in China. Of the physiognomy of the street the following is a picture:—"The shops, being principally open in front, and the whole of the merchandise being thus exposed to view, present a most showy, alluring appearance to the spectator. The interiors of these shops are neatly fitted up, and the goods tastefully disposed for inspection; while the intermixture of various-colored paper inscriptions hanging on the walls, and variegated lanterns pendent from the roof, have an extraordinary and pleasing effect. The inscriptions and notices are generally to the following effect:—'Much talk in juces business.' 'Having once been cheated, we are made cautious.' (Cheat a Chinaman in money matters! what European could accomplish a feat of that description?) 'No credit can here be given.' 'All here is sold at its true value, and being good, praise is needless,'" &c.

A GLIMPSE OF HINDOSTAN.

I travelled late one evening on the rail;
The starry darkness of an Indian sky
Brooded upon the fragrant-blossomed earth;
I passed beside small streams, through wide, green fields,
'Mid beautiful palm-groves. From little huts
Light flushed athwart the shadows of the trees,
And sparkled on the waters lily-filled,
While fire flies hovered o'er the open flowers.

—*Poems by Mary E. Lattie.*

DEAD SEA FRUIT.—Very different, however, from these tempting aids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom (*Solanum Sodomeum,*) so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favorite of the poet grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea: it has rough, divided leaves, handsome purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterwards decays into the dry, ash-like substance which disappoints the expectant traveller.

THE LADY OF THE LAND.

There is a lady in the land,
She is very sweet and fair,
And she hath a lily hand,
Which I should love to press;
But her air
Is so stately, and she mocks at my distress
With a manner *debonaire;*
As tho' she had a queenly right
To dash my eyes with royal light,
And stare to death my happiness.

Yet there are times when she will change,
And gaze into mine eyes
With an earnest, and surprise,
Whilst I hold my quivering breath;
Then 'twill seem as tho' she gazed
Down my fancy's wildest range,
Till, angrily amazed
At the love that blossoms there,
Her eyes hurl back a scornful glance,
That stabs me like the fiery lance
Of an angel bright and fair;
And I know a sudden death
Of every feeling, save despair.

But what cares she, so cold and proud?
I am nought to her
But a single one in a mighty crowd:
A neglected worshipper,
Who hopeless bows before a shrine,
Till his eyes grow dim, as though with wine;
Till his swelling heart is heard to beat,
Not with pleasure soft and sweet,
But with a burning passion heat
That withers it to the core;
Yet tho' she should jeeringly mock at my fate,
And shadow my name with her blackest hate,
I should love her for evermore—
And the stars that shine
In the dome divine,
Will pity this bruised heart of mine,
And shed some tears
O'er the wasted years
I have knelt at this icy shrine.

—*Mobile Tribune.*

THE ANTS IN NEW GRANADA.

"Here I saw a great curiosity. It was a long procession of ants, every one with a bit of green leaf in his mouth. I understate the matter. There ran through the grass a well-beaten road, like a sheep-path, six inches wide—a very Cumberland road for ants. It was thronged with busy travellers, all of whom were hastening from home, or returning with about half an inch square sheared out of a leaf. I followed on to see their nest. It was curious to see their broad highway passing under logs, stones, and brush heaps. I followed it for a long distance into the woods, and then gave up in despair. These ants are called arrieros—the same word that means muleteer. They are a terrible pest. It is thought that ant eating animals generally reject this species, on account of four strong, sharp projections on the body. They can carry a grain of maize, and I am sure that to load a whole colony would demand many bushels. Woe to the orange tree that they have determined to shear of its leaves! The best, if not the only defence, is to make the trunk inaccessible to them by water. Some even manage to surround their house with a stream of water, and others are driven to despair by domiciliary visits, clearly in violation of the Constitution of 1843, but which neither pirchment nor architecture have strength to resist. I was once sitting in the evening in a house near Tuina, and fancied I saw something whitish moving on the floor. I examined, and found a broad stream of rice flowing from a large jar under a bed; each grain was in the jaws of an arriero. Long before morning the jar would have been empty, for the diligent thieves work night and day, without even stopping Sunday. The only hope for the rice was to hang it up in what the sailors call a true-lover's knot by a hair rope. In the end, the jar fell and broke, and the enemy bore off the contents. But, on the whole, I am surprised that so resistless an enemy should do no more damage in a country. I saw where the ants' highway crossed a human footpath. Of course, many of the little folk must be crushed under the feet of the lords of creation. There their green loads were left, for no ant picks up the load of another. I found that if the antennæ of one of these ants were removed, he no longer had the power of finding his way. Whether it is by smell, or by some analogous sense, I know not, but it is not by sight. I have effaced the path of ants with a little chocolate oil, too little to impede the feet of the insect, and only for an ant's length in extent. On each side were gathered a crowd, at a loss to find their way, although their antennæ could nearly meet in the middle. At length some formic Columbus set the example, others followed, and the way was re-established."—*Holton's New Granada.*

A MILK STORY.

A farm, near this little village of Philadelphia, was offered to rent. Mr. Greenhead Gosling thought he would like to undertake gentleman farming; so he hired a vehicle, and drove over to take a view of the place. It was a neat little place, conveniently laid out, well planted, and in a flourishing condition; but Mr. Gosling noticed, in a prominent place, a large pump, a beautiful pump, a pump of magnificent proportions, fine stature, high finish, prominent nose, and stalwart handle; a pump to be admired and wondered at; such a pump, as, standing as it did, in full view of the back windows, would attract the gaze of all occupants of the house, making them exclaim, one and all, "What a grand pump!" Mr. Gosling, mute with admiration, stood some moments before he could sufficiently command his voice to make the farmer a bid for the rent of the place. At length he offered him $1,000 a year.

"Well," said Country, looking at him with a contemptuous air, "I 'spects you thinks that's a thumping bid, eh?"

"I think it's pretty fair," said Gosling.

"Fair!" was the emphatic rejoinder; "fair! Why, that pump's worth more than that to any enterprising person!"

"It's a very fine pump," said Gosling, regarding it with a puzzled air; "but I really don't see how."

"I'll tell you," said Country. "Take out your pencil and paper, and put down what I tell you. I keeps cows enough to furnish 140 quarts of milk a day. Add 60 quarts of water from that pump, and that's 200 quarts of milk."

"And water," meekly suggested Gosling.

"Now, this sells for five cents a quart. Put the milk out of the calculation, and see how much 60 quarts of water, at five cents a quart, comes to; then see how much that sum every day comes to in a year. I never calculated it myself; but I know it *pays.*"

Gosling's pocket-book showed the following calculation:—

60	365
5	3
3,00	$1095

"How much?" says Country.

"$1,095," says Gosling.

"You don't say so! Are you sure you're right?"

"Sure!" was the laconic reply.

"Well," said Country, deliberately, "I guess, on the whole, I won't rent this place. Good-morning, sir."

A HIT.—Ismenias was a musician of Thebes. He paid for a flute which he purchased about three thousand dollars. He was once sent for to play at a sacrifice, and as he played some time without any good omen, his employer became impatient, and, snatching the flute from him, played in a most ridiculous manner, for which he was severely reprimanded by the audience. However, the good omen appeared, when he said, "To play acceptably to the gods is their own gift." Ismenias answered, with a smile, "While I played, the gods were so delighted, that they deferred the omen that they might have the pleasure of hearing me play; but they were glad to get rid of your noise on any terms."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

There is a singular story told concerning the parents of Col. Hutchinson. His maternal grandfather was not the eldest son of Sir John Biron. There was an elder brother, who had displeased his father so much by an obscure marriage that he intended to divide his estate equally between his sons. The younger son married the daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam who had enjoyed a princely office during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The lady was endowed with rare beauty and great accomplishments; and her husband was exceedingly enamored of her. But noble minded and intelligent as she was, she had one great weakness—she could not endure that a woman very inferior to herself should be the wife of the elder son, while she was wedded to the younger. This source of discontent was removed by a sad accident. One day the brothers went out to hunt with their father; and the elder, being of a merry disposition, commanded something to be put under his servant's saddle, to frighten the horse and make sport. The joke succeeded so well that the author of it died in a passion of laughter.

The marriage which gave so much offence had proved childless, and the younger brother, of course, inherited the estates and titles of the family.

The high born beauty was now in the very zenith of her wishes, and blessed with a lovely family. But it pleased divine Providence suddenly to eclipse her glory. At the birth of twin daughters, her brilliant intellect was obscured forever! The best physicians in England tried, in vain, to restore her understanding. She was never frantic, but had a pretty poetical delirium, often more delightful than the conversation of women who had perfect use of their senses. Her husband relinquished all business and all amusements, and devoted his whole time to her and to the education of their children. After the loss of her reason she had other children, but they were not affected by their mother's unfortunate condition.

Though Lady Biron's mind was distempered, in all other respects she retained perfect love and obedience to her husband; and he treated her with more tenderness and respect than he had done even during the first years of their happy union. Thus in the constancy of mutual affection they advanced toward old age.

When she was ill, he slept in a separate bed in the same chamber, while two women took turns in watching her.

It was his custom the moment he unclosed his eyes to ask how she did. One night when he was in a very deep sleep, she departed from this life. He was to have gone a hunting that morning, the exercise being recommended for his health; and it was his habit to have the chaplain pray with him before he went out. The nurses knowing how much he loved his wife, were afraid to tell him of her death, and they begged the chaplain to inform him of it in the gentlest manner he could. Sir John did not that morning, according to his usual custom, inquire how his lady did. He called the chaplain, joined with him in prayer, and expired in the midst of the holy service. The husband and wife were laid side by side and buried in the same grave. It was never known whether he had discovered his loss, and his heart had broken at the separation from one he loved so dearly, or whether a strange sympathy of nature had produced this affecting coincidence. But so it happened, that God, in his mercy, took them at once from the world, whose bitterest portion is a widowed heart.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The new gimps and fancy trimmings, now so much in fashion, are remarkable for beauty of design and the tasteful blending of color. Some of the *galons*, or fancy braids, are figured in wreaths of flowers, and in rich mosaic patterns. Many are in open work, presenting an excellent imitation of guipure. The *galons* figured in wreath patterns are much used for trimming basquines, mantelets, and par dessus. The guipure patterns are frequently intermingled with jet. The new fancy ribbons also are exceedingly rich in color, and fanciful in design.

Nets for the hair are very fashionable at present, in neglige costume. They are worn extremely small—merely covering the chignon of hair at the back of the head. These hair-nets may be made of black, dark blue, or red silk, and they are frequently intermingled with steel or gilt beads, or with jet. A bow of velvet or ribbon, with long flowing ends, may be fixed either at the back of the head or on one side.

The wreaths employed for trimming ball-dresses, and which are disposed longitudinally, from the waist to nearly the edge of the skirt, are called *chatelaines.* The flowers worn in the hair, whether mounted in bouquets or in wreaths, should be the same as those in the *chatelaine;* the *bouquet de corsage* and the bouquet on the sleeves should also correspond. Frequently, when the ball-dress consists of two or three jupes, the flowers are arranged at each side in *quilles.* The profusion of flowers thus dispersed over various parts of the dress renders the wearer a perfect personification of Flora.

Dresses of plain white satin, which have been so long discarded, are beginning to recover fashionable favor. A white satin dress has been made with bouillones of white tulle, extending from the edge of the skirt to as high as the knees. A deep flounce, or rather a jupe of blonde, figured in a large Gothic pattern, descended from the waist to the top of the bouillones of tulle. The corsage had a double berthe of blonde, descending to a point both at the back and in front of the waist, and entirely covering the short sleeves. On one side of the blonde jupe there were two bouquets of flowers; one about the middle and the other at the edge. On the opposite side a corresponding bouquet was attached to the ceinture. The head-dress consisted of a *cache-peigne* bouquet of the same flowers, with long pendant sprays descending over the shoulders.

Another dress, made for the same occasion as that just described, consisted of a double jupe of tulle; the lower one finished by a bouillone, above which was a broad flounce of blonde. The pattern of this blonde flounce was novel, and peculiarly showy. It consisted of large stars in open work, connected together by the points of their rays touching each other. These stars formed festoons at the edge of the flounce, and were so extremely light that they seemed to float in the air. The upper robe was covered with bouillones disposed in longitudinal rows, between which were rose-leaves made of crape and velvet, gradually enlarging as they descended to the edge, and terminating in bouquets of roses of various hues. Each of these bouquets fastened up in festoons a flounce of blonde, attached to edge of the jupe. The *coiffure* worn with this beautiful dress consisted of roses intermingled with diamonds.—*London Lady's Paper of Feb. 14th.*

NEWS ITEMS.

TIGHT-LACING.—An inquest was recently held at Leeds, on the body of Ann Eliza Durham, aged 26. The surgeon who made the post mortem examination of the body, found the waist exceedingly small, the lungs congested, the heart much larger than its natural size, and the cavities full of blood. He considered death to have arisen from smallness of the chest, caused probably by tight lacing, disease of the valves of the heart, and depression of spirits.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—The New York Mirror states that Dr. Carnochan, of that city, has performed for the third time his remarkable operation of dissecting the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves in the spheroid bone at the base of the brain, for the cure of neuralgia. The possibility of such an operation was never conceded until the Dr.'s success demonstrated it.

THE annual mail lettings will take place on the first of April. In New England and New York the service embraces about one thousand routes.

GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, is giving concerts at Havana, in the Tacon Theatre. A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune complains of him for wearing his crosses and ribbons on the stage.

CUBA is pretty well prepared for defence against the filibusters. The Paris Patrie informs us that the army on the Island numbers 20,000 infantry, and 1,500 cavalry, exclusive of a reserve of 18,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, making altogether a force of 45,500 men. Then the fortifications are all in good condition, and constant improvements are being made upon them. The naval force has been augmented, and there are military stores, etc., sufficient to arm and equip 60,000 men in a month.

THE Prairie Farmer advocates the use of salt as a manure. It gives the result of an experiment in sowing salt on a part of a field of wheat. The salted part ripened five days the earliest, and entirely escaped the rust.

A RESOLUTION to amend the Constitution so as to allow colored persons to vote without a property qualification, has passed the New York Senate by a vote of 21 yeas to 5 nays.

THE mails in Holyoke, Pa., having been robbed of letters containing $3,800, by negroes, they were punished forthwith, without bothering the courts with the case.

THE THREATENED WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO.—Spanish journals are filled with accounts of preparations, both in Spain and Cuba, for the departure to the Mexican coasts, of a naval force destined to obtain from the Mexican Government reparation, long since demanded, for outrages of which the subjects of the crown of Spain have been the victims in this ever-troubled Republic.—*Paris Patrie.*

A SNOW AVALANCHE.—As a company of teamsters were coming into Winona, Minnesota, on the 6th ult., a man named Cooke started off to a little distance from his companions, near the base of one of those lofty bluffs, which wall in the romantic Rollingstone, and had not been there five minutes when a tremendous avalanche of snow came thundering down from the summit of the bluff above him, and in its rapidly descending course swept him away in an instant, and buried him under the mass, to the depth of eight or ten feet. He was exhumed as quickly as possible, but life was extinct.

HENRY S. MAGRAW (Dem.) has been re-elected State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, by the Legislature—Magraw 63, Jacob Dock 57.

MAPLE sugar is beginning to come in quite plentifully at Adrian, Mich., and meets a ready sale there at 15 cents per pound.

BARNUM IN ENGLAND.—An English paper says: A lecture in favor of the Maine Liquor Law was delivered on the 13th of February by the celebrated P. T. Barnum, in the Great Western Hall, Market Street, Edgeware Road, London.

THE new Tariff is considered as benefiting greatly the New England mills, which largely use wool of the coarser qualities, and the stock of some of them has advanced five per cent. It is not, however, considered favorable to the cotton mills, especially those for the manufacture of the finer qualities.

JUDGE GRIER, of Pa., it is now stated, went with the majority of the Supreme Court, in its recent decision in the *Dred Scott case.*

MRS. PIERCE, we regret to record, is in such feeble health, that she had to be carried from the White House to Mr. Marcy's residence, where the ex-President is staying for a few days.

LARGE INCOME.—The income of the Marquis of Westminster, it is said, is £400,000 per annum, equal to $5,000 per day, or over $3 for every minute of time, night and day, through the year. Every tick of the clock throws a half-dime into his purse.

THE correspondents and reporters who had seats on the floor of the House of Representatives, addressed a letter to Mr. Speaker Banks, thanking him for the impartial and uniformly polite manner by which his intercourse with the press has been characterized during his Speakership. The letter was written by the correspondent of the Alabama State Rights Democrat.

MRS. PATTEN, who saved the Insurance Companies of New York a large sum of money, by navigating the ship Neptune's Car to San Francisco, after her husband had been disabled by disease, defeating the efforts of the mate to produce a revolt, and securing the good-will and co operation of the second officer and crew by her intelligence and courage, received a complimentary letter from the Insurance Companies interested, with a remittance of a thousand dollars, a short time ago, and her answer, thanking the Companies, is published in the papers. It is simply and modestly written, and short, too.

COL. FREMONT is busily engaged in New York preparing the reports of his last three expeditions for publication.

SINGULAR DEATH.—Mr. Caleb Upham, of Weathersfield, Vermont, an old man in his eighty-third year, having had some trouble with a couple of men in the management of his farm, and getting into a dispute with them, said, "that he would die first, but that he would have his own way a part of the time," and after saying these words, dropped dead. He was a highly respected old man.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A NEGRO.—On the 28th ult., at an auction sale of negroes at New Orleans, La., a stout, healthy-looking man was put on the stand with the announcement that no guarantee of health would be given with him, in consequence of which he was sold for $60. He had hardly stepped off the stand, when he fell to the floor with a sharp cry, and instantly expired. An inquest found that he died from organic disease of the heart.

LADIES' DRESS IN THE NORTHWEST.—The following is the *style* of travelling dress worn in winter by the ladies in Minnesota and the Lake Supe rior country: A pair of buffalo boots, a buffalo overcoat, a large otter cap and a pair of fur pantaloons.

A FAST AGE.—At three o'clock here it is nearly eight o'clock in London. When, therefore, the Atlantic Telegraph is completed, the afternoon papers here will contain the evening news from Parliament and Court. Who says this isn't a *fast age?*

THE President has rejected the Mexican Treaty without sending it to the Senate.

RUMORED RESIGNATION OF GOV. GEARY.—Governor Geary reached St. Louis on the 10th, on his way East.—It is rumored that he has resigned, deeming it impossible to perform his duty, with the organized opposition to him. It is probable, however, that he merely threatens to resign, in case Lecompte is not removed, and himself supported by the Executive.

EXCITEMENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—The advices brought by the English mail, that the British Government had entered into a convention with France for the transfer to that Power of the Newfoundland Fisheries, has created an intense excitement at St. John's.

A general meeting of all classes was called, and all the stores, shops and places of business were closed. The British flag was everywhere displayed at half mast, with the union down, and in some places a black flag was substituted. The result of the meeting was a determination that the wrong shall not be perpetrated. The Legislature and the commercial classes are preparing petitions to be sent to the Queen, and delegates are to proceed to England to protest against the measure.

BOSTON, March 14.—The lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, to-day, passed resolutions appropriating $100,000 for relief of such settlers in Kansas, as are or may be reduced to want, from the outrages committed upon them, in unlawful attempts to exclude them from Kansas, on account of their predilections for Free State institutions.

A DESPATCH from Lexington, Ky., states that the Hon. James B. Clay (old line Whig) has declined the mission to Berlin, tendered him by Mr. Buchanan.

AN ARMED Vigilance Committee has been formed at Omaha, Nebraska, to vindicate the rights of the first settlers to their claims. Claims have been "jumped," contrary to "the code," and several "jumpers," have already been tried, and forced to withdraw their "filing."

TRADE in the manufacturing districts in England was daily becoming worse, and it was estimated that at least seventy per cent. of the cotton consumers were losing money. A serious crisis was feared to be inevitable, which would, of course, involve failures to a greater or less extent. Money is represented as plenty notwithstanding.

MR. MORSE, appointed to settle the difficulty with New Granada, relative to the Isthmus quarrel, reports that he has failed in his attempts.

MCKIM, the supposed murderer of Mr. Norcross, was arrested on the 11th, by Aaron Wolff, at Long Pond, North Mountain, Luzerne county, Pa.

EMIGRATION from Virginia to the West is going on so extensively that many of the papers of that State are speculating as to the causes. Of the fact itself there can be no doubt.

THE St. Louis Democrat announces the arrival at that port of the steamer Alvin Adams, from the Ohio river, having on board nearly six hundred passengers, three-fourths of whom were Kansas emigrants from the Northern States. They were immediately transferred to the Missouri packets, and went up to their destination. The editor of the Democrat went among them, and was much gratified with their appearance.

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A dreadful railroad accident occurred on the Great Western Railroad, on the afternoon of March 12th. The train from Toronto, C. W., ran off the bridge, partially breaking it down, at the Des Jardines Canal, above Hamilton. The fall was sixty feet into a depth of eighteen feet water. Sixty or seventy persons are said to have been killed, and a number badly bruised or wounded. Most of the passengers were Canadians. Among the killed were Samuel Zimmerman, a well known banker and contractor, formerly of Pennsylvania; Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton, Vice President of the road; and Captain Toohey, a popular commander on Lake Ontario. Among the bodies recognized were those of Donald Street, Rev. A. Booker, the father of Mayor Booker; Erastus W. Green, and a little girl, the daughter of Mr. J. H. Clark, all of Toronto; James Gannon and Thos. Benson, of Port Hope; John Sharp, Bookbinder, A. Grant, Mr. Russell, of the firm of Mellest, Merrell & Russell, of Brantford; Joseph Barr, of Chicago, and Jno. C. Henderson, of Hamilton.

Only one of the lady passengers was saved, and she was considerably cut and bruised. A German lad, in the hind car, seeing the conductor hastily retreating to the back door, took alarm and followed him, and he, the conductor, and two others, were the only ones who escaped with trifling injuries. Mr. C. J. Bridges, the Managing Director of the Great Western Railway, and Dr. Macklem, and Mr. Thomas Street, of Chippewa, were on the train, and although considerably injured, escaped with their lives.

The Canadian Parliament adjourned the moment it heard of the accident. Nothing that has heretofore occurred in that region has occasioned so profound and general a grief.

WILD WOMAN IN MERANGO COUNTY, ALA.—Linden, Alabama, is all astir on account of a wild woman that recently appeared in the woods and hills of that neighborhood to a party of huntsmen. She is a medium sized woman, fair and quite naked, with the exception of moccasins. *She runs with great velocity, leaping on all fours over every impediment like an antelope.* The Linden Jeffersonian says:

"When discovered by a party of huntsmen, she was concealed among some brush, and ran away on their approach. This is, we believe, the first instance of a wild person being seen in Alabama, and with the exception of the wild man, said to have been seen somewhere in the southern part of Arkansas, is the only instance we remember to have heard of."

Another editor, who was one of a hunting party who also saw her, says she was accompanied by a large ram of remarkable whiteness, by whose wool she held on when running up hills and springing over rocks. The ram, appeared very much attached to this wild and singular creature, seemed, like her defender and to warn her of danger and protect her. It appears that some fifteen years ago, a little girl, daughter of a French woman, residing on the banks of the Tombigbee river, was lost, as well as a pet lamb of hers. They were never after heard from—so that many supposed the little girl and her lamb had been drowned. The question now is, can this wild woman of Merango county, be the same? It is highly probables, but how she has existed during fifteen years in the woods, away from all intercourse with the world, is a mystery.

THE MATERIALS OF STRASBOURG PIES.—M. Soyer, the well-known gastronomical artist, on the occasion of a visit which he lately made to Strasbourg, wrote a letter to the Courrier du Bas-Rhin, relative to the nature of the *pates de foie gras*, for which that city has long been celebrated. The general idea being that the geese whose livers furnish the principal elements of the *pates* were subjected to great torture, by being fed to repletion, but without water, close to a roaring fire, until their livers became enlarged from disease. M. Soyer declares, that, after having carefully examined the subject, he can declare that there is not a word of truth in the general belief. Up to the age of eight months, he states, the geese are allowed to feed at full liberty in the open air; they are then brought to market and purchased by the persons whose occupation it is to fatten them for killing; they are placed in coops and fed for about a month or five weeks, three times a day, with wheat, and allowed as much water as they please. Each bird eats about a bushel of corn during the process of fattening, the water of Strasbourg, it is said, contributing to increase the volume of the liver. When sufficiently fat they are killed, having been treated with great attention and humanity during the whole period of their incarceration, and entirely removed from any unusual heat. M. Soyer concludes his letter by stating that he will endeavor to remove the erroneous ideas entertained on the subject in England, and exert himself to introduce the *pates* more generally among us.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We find the following in the Legislative (Assembly) report of the Albany Statesman recently:

Randall Breed put in a petition asking that his name might be changed to Lyman Breed Randall. The reason given was that the lady he desired to marry had an objection to the Breed, but was willing to unite herself to him provided that the prayer of his petition should be granted by the State, and his legal name changed to Randall. He therefore wished to put the Breed in the middle. He had nearly succeeded two years since in getting a bill through. It then passed the House, but was lost in the Senate for the want of two votes, thus depriving him for the time being of a wife.

JEWISH FESTIVAL.—The Jewith festival of Purim, was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday of last week, by the Jews, in accordance with the ordination of Esther ix., 28, "that these days of Purim should not fail among the Jews, nor the memorial of them that perish from their seed." The festival is founded on the Bible story of Haman and Mordecai and Haman's gallows, during the plotting of which Esther fasted strictly. But when the day was won she had great feasting. The latter occurrence is, therefore, celebrated annually with great gusto by the Jews all over the world.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—ON A MILLION IN GOLD.—The steamer George Law arrived on the 16th, at New York with California dates to the 20th ult. She left Aspinwall on the morning of the 6th inst. She brings one million in gold.

The Law connected at Aspinwall with the John L. Stephens. The latter had passed the steamer Golden Gate with the New York passengers that left in the steamer on the 5th of February, and the Sonora with the passengers that left New York on the 20th of February, all well.

Among the passengers by the George Law are Gen. Wool, Col. Casey, and Lieuts. Arnold and Bissell.

The steamer Sierra Nevada left San Francisco on the 20th ult. with several hundred recruits for Gen. Walker.

The news from California is unimportant. The mining intelligence is rather favorable. There has been heavy rains in various parts of the State, causing much damage from floods. The San Francisco markets were extremely dull. Flour is quoted at $11.

The California Legislature has impeached Dr. Bates, the State Treasurer, and G. W. Whitman, Controller, for their misappropriation of State funds to the amount of $250,000 for the payment of interest on the State debt.

Twelve out of the band of robbers who recently murdered Sheriff Barton, have been hung by the people of San Diego.

Two shocks of an earthquake occurred at San Francisco on the evening of the 5th ult., causing much consternation, but no damage.

An affray took place at San Francisco between F. A. Cohen, the banker, and Thomas King, the editor of the Evening Bulletin. Cohen, who was the aggressor, received a pistol shot through his jaws. Both were arrested, but King was discharged.

Companies of filibusters are being organized in the interior to aid Gen. Walker.

A bill to legalize the State Debt has been introduced into the State Senate, and will undoubtedly pass.

The advices from Washington Territory state that the Territorial Legislature adjourned on the 29th of January, after having censured Gov. Stevens for his course in the Indian War and the Martial Law affair.

The Indians have made an attack on Pitt River Valley, Shasta county, and murdered all the inhabitants remaining there, burned the houses, killed the cattle, horses, &c. The largest part of the inhabitants had previously left the Valley, with the intention of returning in the spring.

The dates from Australia are to Dec. 2nd.—The mines were yielding immensely. A fire had occurred at Adelaide, destroying property to the amount of half a million.

LESSON TO A DECEIVER.—A few afternoons since a young gentleman and lady residing in Williamsburgh, Long Island, paid a visit to the Brooklyn Museum, and while there it appears that one of the employees became enamored of the lady, and, in a note which he slipped into her hands, expressed a desire to become acquainted with her. If she thought favorably of the proposition, he wished her to address a note to "T. Monzalm," stating when and where an interview could be had. The note was handed over by the lady to her friend. After some consideration by a number of choice spirits of the Eastern District, it was determined to administer a reproof to the audacious stranger. An ingeniously-written decoy note was accordingly dispatched, inviting Mr. Monzalm to call at No. — Grand street—the place being over a saloon. Prompt to the hour, he presented himself for admittance, after having received signals that all was right. Upon ascending to the second floor, he entered the parlor, and there encountered, not the fair lady, but the gentleman who had accompanied her to the Museum, who demanded to know to what he was indebted for this visit.

Monzalm—"I called to see Miss ——."

Lady's Friend.—"Ah! my wife has confessed all. Now, scoundrel!" Here suiting the action to the word, and with a look perfectly ferocious, he thrust his hand under his coat, as if to draw a revolver. This was too much for the nerves of the already alarmed lady-seeker, and with one bound he cleared the balustrade, and the next instant was at the street door. Here he was seized by two robust men, one of them calling out to kill him. The poor fellow begged piteously to be spared, and, more dead than alive, was dragged into the bar-room, where some twenty-five persons were awaiting the result of the affair. A parley was held, and it was finally agreed to hush up the matter in a basket of "Zac's" best. Monzalm was only too happy to get off with a whole exterior, and vowing that he would hereafter confine his attentions to his wife, took his departure unconscious that he had been duped by a jolly lot of conspirators.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A MILLIARD, OR A THOUSAND MILLIONS.—The Assemblee Nationale has the following curious speculations concerning this fabulous amount of coin:

"People may not in general have a clear idea of what a milliard, 1,000,000,000 fr. in silver, is. A milliard weighs five millions of kilogrammes; it would take 2,000 carts, drawn by four horses each, to transport it by land. By water, it would require a vessel like Noah's ark, namely, 300 cubits by 50, with a depth of 30 cubits. Were 5,000,000 of kilogrammes forced into bars of an inch square, their total length would be 655,000 metres, or more than enough to encompass Paris with a railing ten feet high. Were a milliard of five-franc pieces arranged side by side on a breadth of four metres, (the usual breadth of the paving of the Imperial roads,) the length thus covered would be three leagues more than the distance between Paris and Rouen. A single line formed by a milliard of five-franc pieces would be twenty-three millions of inches in length, or 760 leagues more than the circumference of the earth. Lastly, had the milliard, at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, been inclosed in a machine, so constructed as to cast out one franc piece per minute, this machine would still have to be kept a going for about 62 years longer, in order to exhaust the milliard."

NICARAGUA.—The advices from Nicaragua confirm the report that the fort at Serapique, on the San Juan river, had fallen into the hands of Col. Lockridge. The fort had surrendered after one day's fighting, and the filibusters captured large supplies of Minie rifles, ammunition, artillery, provisions, and cooking utensils. They then proceeded up the river, and took the station at the mouth of the San Carlos, after which the Reecue gave chase up the stream to the steamer Charles Morgan. Castillo Rapids was abandoned by the Costa Ricans, who set fire to the building and two steamers. The filibusters succeeded in saving one of the latter in a damaged state. A small party of Costa Ricans remained in the fort at Castillo on the 18th ult., but were to be attacked the next day. As the Costa Ricans have burned all the boats, Lockridge's efforts to seize the advantage gained does not help Walker any, for no recruits can go to him. Col. Lockridge had been stopped at Graytown, during a visit he had made there, by the British commander, on the charge of detaining British subjects, but the matter was satisfactorily explained, and he rejoined his forces.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The recent State election in New Hampshire resulted in the return of Haile (Republican) for Governor, by a vote of 38,788, to 29,776 for Wells (Democrat.) The Council and Senate are all Republican. The House stands 187 Republicans and 110 Democrats. Twenty-two towns remain to be heard from. The members of Congress are all Republicans, as follows:—First District, James Pike; Second District, M. W. Tappan; Third District, Aaron H. Craig.

MR. T. R. BUTLER, a Georgia timber cutter, went to Savannah, a short time since, to sell timber, and was taken sick, and it was thought died. His remains were deposited in a coffin and sent home. On opening his coffin, he was discovered to smile. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and it is said that he is fast recovering. He was in his coffin nearly two days.

MARRYING HER COACHMAN.—An Irishman, named John Dean, has just taken legal proceedings in New York to get possession of his alleged wife, who is a daughter of his employer, John G. Boker, an extensive importer of wine and liquors, in Front street. The young lady is 22 years old, and Dean's affidavit alleges that she is shut up in her father's house against her will, and that he was married to her on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Matfield. It appears that Mr. Boker has a place at Tarrytown, and Dean is his coachman. During the absence of Mr. B. in this city attending to his business, Dean was in the habit of taking the daughter out riding in her father's carriage, and through this kind of intercourse, according to Dean's story, they became enamored of each other, which fact coming to the ears of Mr. B., he dismissed the coachman from his service. Dean, through a family servant, found means, however, of communicating with Mary, and, being in the city on the occasion referred to, he met her by appointment, and they were secretly married as above, she being then attired as a servant girl, which the officiating clergyman supposed she was. On the 14th Dean's counsel received a letter from Mr Baker's lawyer, proposing that Dean shou'd go into business in one of the western cities—capital being provided by Mr. Boker—and that he should consent to be separated from his wife for the period of six months, correspondence between them being allowed during that time. Dean is willing to accept the proposition, and thus the subject is disposed of for the present at least.

THE HUNGER CURE.—Dr. Kittredge, the operator in this new system, is said to meet with great success. The experiments prove that, by keeping a patient from the drugs of the apothecaries' shops, his life may be sustained with no other aliment than cold water alone, for forty days at least, and how much longer is yet to be tried. The Journal of Commerce relates the case of a Mr. Byron, who having passed the ordeal, both of disease and fasting, is now well. He was afflicted with liver complaint and paralysis, and was given over by the doctors to the undertakers. He was put under the "hunger cure." For thirty-nine days nothing but water passed his lips, and during the whole time he had no evacuations from the bowels. On the last day he rode four miles to church, at Madison, and took part in the singing. On the fortieth day he resumed his ordinary duties. Another case is related, that of a delicate lady, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. She fasted, strictly and entirely, for twenty-one days, and is also entirely well. This treatment, it must be remembered, is a part of the hydropathic system.

TIRED OF LIFE.—Dr. Samuel B. Phillips, a physician of New York, recently committed suicide. For some time he had been suffering from an enlargement of the liver, and from hypocondriacs, and on Wednesday afternoon he went up to his room, locked himself in, took a quantity of Prussic acid, and was found dead by his wife. The following note lay on his table:

"I here declare that *my dear Harriet* has not been the cause of my misfortunes. It is myself, and I am tired of my own sinful nature, and of a sinful cheating world. May God forgive me! I am yours, now, as ever.

"S. B. P."

He was 54 years of age, and a native of Connecticut. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "suicide by hydrocyanic acid."

LUCK IN LEISURE.—The ship Samuel Russell, with a valuable cargo of teas, silks and spices, sailed from China for New York some time since. By stress of weather she had a long passage of about 190 days, which, of course, nullified the sale of her cargo, the time fixed in the terms of the sale for the arrival of the goods having expired. After her departure from China, and before she reached New York, the war broke out, by which means her cargo on arrival was worth between $40,000 and $50,000 more to her owners than it would have been if she had made her trip in the ordinary time. In other words, had she made a quick voyage, she would have caused a loss to her owners of $50,000. The last place of detention was in the ice at Norfolk, when her situation for a time was very critical.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TERRIBLE SUFFERING FROM COLD IN KANSAS.—Independence, Mo., March 3.—The Salt Lake mail came to this point a few days since in charge of Hanks & Little, being three months on the way, and the coldest and most perilous trip that ever was made across the plains. The snow was three feet deep on a level and had drifted sometimes to an incalculable depth; they were frequently compelled to come down the Big Platte for fear of missing the road; they remained still at one time three nights and two days unable to get out of their wagon to relieve nature, on account of the intense cold.

Many of the Indians froze and starved to death; they ate their children because they could get no game; they report no such weather ever experienced there before.—*St. Louis Leader.*

A TON OF SILVER IN A BEDSTEAD.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in writing to that paper an account of a late visit to the Egyptian Pasha's palace, at Alexandria, says:—"Our guide led us to the sleeping apartments of the Pasha, and there, under the lofty ceiling, in the centre of the room, stood the bedstead of this luxurious lord of Egypt, and all of *solid silver*, weighing one ton. This was the assertion of our dragoman, confirmed by the testimony of the accompanying officials of the palace; and after a careful examination by our company we could not detect the deception if there was one." The mint value of this "chunk" would be over forty thousand dollars.

RISE IN REAL ESTATE.—Some estimate may be made by those at a distance, of the growth of New York, from the following facts: In 1801 the late Chief Justice, John Jay, purchased a lot of 15 acres of land for $7,500. This land came into the possession of his two daughters, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Ann Jay, recently deceased. Last week a portion of this property was sold at auction for $454,800 a lot, and the estates still hold about 70 by 140 feet on the north-west corner of Broadway and Canal street, valued at $250,000, making for the whole fifteen acres, $704,800. One remarkable fact about this property is that there never was a mortgage on any part of it.

THE TESTIMONY OF ATHEISTS.—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on the 20th ultimo the report in regard to the testimony of Atheists, was, by a vote of 208 to 95, recommitted with instructions to report a bill providing substantially that no person shall be deemed an incompetent witness in consequence of his opinion on the subject of religion; but that evidence may be given of Atheistic opinions as a test of credibility, and any person who may be found not to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, shall be permitted to testify on his solemn affirmation, subject to the pains and penalties of perjury.

THE PRIVATEERING SYSTEM.—The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser states that "forty-four of the forty-six States of Europe, who have signed the maritime treaty of Paris abolishing privateering, have also signed, or at least given in their adhesion to Mr. Marcy's proposed amendment to that treaty. England is one of the two States that yet holds back. This negotiation was entrusted to the American Minister at Paris, and it will prove a great triumph for American diplomacy, since the adoption of this law will be a great step in the civilization of the world and in the cause of humanity."

BALTIMORE SAUSAGES.—Humorous gentlemen have, from time immemorial, when asking for sausage, desired to be helped to some of the "bow-wow" article. This turns out to be no joke, at least in Baltimore; for, in that city, recently, a man was arrested with a freshly killed dog in a bag, which he carried into a sausage-making establishment. The American of that city says that not less than two hundred carcasses of animals have been used up in that way during the past year.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL ("EPIDEMIC," (at Washington,) as it is styled, was much more serious than was at first supposed. The Boston Post undertakes, in the following paragraph, to give a new cause for it:—

"The cholera prevailing at the National Hotel, Washington, is not engendered by dead rats entirely, (although these may have contributed to produce it,) but principally by inadequate drainage. The gases generated in the sewers connected with the house, and the mephitic vapors arising from them, together with the natural consequences of an immense congregation of human beings in imperfectly ventilated apartments, are reasons sufficient to account for the calamity." (Perhaps dead rats may remain in the drains.)

Two persons—a gentleman and a lady—have died of the disorder. A post mortem examination of the lady's stomach showed that poison was the cause of her death. Rats killed with strychnine and rotted in the water, sufficiently account for the "epidemic," without looking farther.

Mr. Buchanan made a narrow escape with his life, and though his sickness has been kept very quiet, and represented as of little account, there can be little doubt that he has suffered very severely. In fact, nearly every body who was at the hotel fared as badly. Mr. Appleton, the editor of the Union, has scarcely yet recovered.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF AMERICAN VESSELS.—The ship Wandering Jew, from New Orleans, arrived at Liverpool on the 23rd ult., and three men had to be conveyed to the Northern Hospital, two being disabled from alleged brutal treatment. Their names are John Lyons, Edward Moore, and Wm. Harrison. All complained of having been kicked and beaten. These men allege that a man named Mackenzie, died from the effects of ill usage. Having been kidnapped, when at New Orleans, he became discontented, and was knocked down and jumped upon by one of the officers. He was next immersed in a large tubfull of water, and then put in his bunk with his wet clothes on. The man oied in two or three days and was thrown overboard.

Nearly every arrival from England brings an account of instances of similar brutality on board of American vessels. The Liverpool Society, for the protection of foreigners, has taken measures to bring the fact to the attention of both the British and United States Governments.

THE EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENTS.—The Cabinet was in session on the 9th inst., engaged, it is generally believed, in considering the policy to be pursued relative to the Executive appointments. All the Departments have furnished lists of the officers who hold places under limited commissions. The opinion prevails that such officers will be permitted to continue until the expiration of their commissions, to be appointed or not, as the Administration prefer. But as a general rule, such vacancies are to be filled by new men, which some of the present incumbents already understand; and this will be the case especially in New York, Philadelphia, and other principal cities. The minor places will of course be affected by this policy, which is regarded as one of rotation. Almost an entire change of Foreign Ministers and Consuls is anticipated.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred on the evening of the 13th inst., on the Pennsylvania railroad at the Gallitzin station. The local freight train ran into the emigrant train which was standing at the depot, killed three passengers and wounded ten or twelve others. None of the wounded are thought to be fatally injured.

☞ HEIGHT OF MEN IN OLD TIMES.—The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt, and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffins, being scarcely six feet and a half long. That we are not degenerated in stature in consequence of the effect of civilization, is also clear, because the inhabitants of savage countries do not exceed us in size.

☞ WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR CAMILLE?—Dumas, the younger, did *write* Camille, but did not *compose* it. It was originally from the pen of Miss Burney, or latterly, Madame D'Arblay, and published under the title of "Camilla; or, A Picture of Youth," in the year 1798. Dumas has gained the credit of being the author, when the distinguished and much admired authoress of "Evelina," "Cecelia," and other volumes of a similar merit, was actually the original "Camille."—*New York Post.*

THE passions are horses, high-mettled and strong,
That hasten the carriage of life all along.
You may curb them and rein them, and mould them at will,
But take out the horses, and *the carriage stands still.*

☞ MONUMENTS.—The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.—*Cleon to Aspasia.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 16

650 head of Cattle arrived at Lowrie's Avenue Drove Yard during the week. 60 head Ohio Cattle, sold by Abrahams, at from $10 to $10.50 ₱ 100 lbs; 30 head Lancaster county, sold by Eckman, at same prices; 50 head sold by A. Kennedy, at from $10.50 to $11.50; 60 head Lancaster county Cattle, sold by Adam Reidenbach, prices from $.50 to $11 ₱ 100 lbs; 70 head of Delaware Cattle, sold by Thomas Strickland, at from $10 to $11 ₱ 100 lbs; 70 head of Lancaster county Cattle, sold by John Gaus, prices from $10 to $11 ₱ 100 lbs; 30 head of Ohio Cattle, sold by J. J. Webb, at from $10 to $10.50 ₱ 100 lbs; 80 Chester county Cattle, sold by Dick Baldwin, at from $10.50 $11.75 ₱ 100 lbs; 30 head Chester county, sold by Jones & McCleos, from $10.50 to $11.50 ₱ 100 lbs; 150 Cattle sold at different prices, by various owners. Markets closed dull. 2500 Sheep arrived—good quality, prices from $4 to $5 ₱ head, and from 11 to 12c ₱ lb dressed. 50 head Cows and Calves arrived; markets rather dull; sold at from $30 to $50 ₱ head. 250 head of Horses; selling slowly at high prices.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		Whole carcase	7 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14 @ 20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	14 @ 17	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	9
Rump do	11 @ 15	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels,		Cutlet	14
Corned Loins,	6 @ 10	Sweetbread, each	18
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31½ @ 37½	Young Pigs	@1 25 @1 75
Skin	25 @ 40	Salt and fresh lb	10 @ 12½
Kidney	5 @ 12½	Feet, ₱ set	18½ @ 31½
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Tripe, ₱ lb	6 @ 6½
Dried Beef ₱ lb	20	Lard	13 @ 15
Corned Loins.		Hams, smoked	12½ @ 15
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Bologna Sausage	18 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	14 @ 18½
Chop ₱ lb	8 @ —	Puddings ₱ lb	10 @ 12
Calves' Head, each	25 @ 31	Scrapple ₱ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	8 @ 10	Tender loins ₱ lb	18 @ 19½
Breast and Neck	5 @ 6	Hogshead Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$3.00		
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bkt	18 @ 25	Corn potatoes bu	30 @ $1.10
do bf pk	6 @ 8	do pack	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bf pk	5 @ 12½
Cabbage bh	87½ @ 1 00	Sweet potatoes bkt	87 @ 100
do h'd	3 @ 5	do bf pk	10 @ 15
Celery bunch	4 @ 6½	Onions bus	87½ @ 1 00
Salad head	6 @ 10	do bf pk	18½ @ 20
Egg Plants each	3 @ 12	Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 15
Pickles bkt	31½ @ 37½	Carrots do	12
FRUIT.			
Cranberries qt	18	Chestnuts qt	12½ @ —
Apples ₱ bkt	62½ @ 1 12½	do bush	3 50 @ 4 00
do bf pk	12½ @ 25		
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Turkeys ₱ lb	18½ @ 14	Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @1 12½
Turkeys each	1 00 @ 2 50	Geese ₱ lb	9 @ 11
Ducks tame pr	75 @1 25	each	1 @ 1 50
Canexans ₱ lb	9 @ 11	Rabbits pr	15 @ 25
Chickens ₱ pair	1 @ 1 50	Squirrels each	12½ @ —
Sup Pig'ns pr	37½ @ 31½	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
SHELLFISH.			
Terrapin (Southern	$7 50 @ 10	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	10 00 @18 00	₱ bbl	62 @ 75
Lobsters lb	12½ @ 15	do ₱ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	1 00 @1 50	M. Kiv Cove M	6 00@8 00
		N. Y. do ₱ bbl	10 00@20 00
FISH.			
Halibut lb	— @ 12½	Perch bunch	12½ @ 25
Ham	6 @ 8	Catfish	6 @ 12½
Porgies	— @ 6	Eels	6 @ 12½
Flounders	— @ 6	Split Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— @ —	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Sunfish	12 @ 20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6
White Fish	— @ 12½	Fresh Shad each	37½@75
Roes	3 @ 12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	$1.50 a 2.00
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter lb	25 @ 30	Honey lb	12½ @ 25
Roll do	17 @ 20	Apple Butter qt	12½ @ 18
Eggs doz	12 @ 14	Pumpkins ea	6 @ 25
Buttermilk, each	3		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
March 16, 1857.

The unfavorable weather has interfered with business during the past week. Breadstuffs are without any material variation to note since the receipt of the America's advices, and prices have rather favored buyers. Provisions continue on the advance. Molasses and Sugars have been quiet. Coffee in steady demand. The iron trade is very dull. Very little business doing in Pig Metal at full rates. Cotton has ruled quiet, and the market at the close was weak. Coal is dull. In Hemp and Hides nothing doing. Teas in good demand.—Tobacco and Wool unchanged.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour are on the increase, but the export demand continues limited, at $5.25 for standard superfine. $5.50@5.75 for select and better brands, $6.62½@6.75 for extra family, the market closing dull. Rye Flour remains inactive at $3.75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull at $3.50@3 for Penna, and $3.41 for Brandywine.

The receipts of Wheat continue moderate, with sales at 1.40@1.42c for reds, mostly at 1.

THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION OF U. S. SENATE.

On March 9th, Mr. Wade presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Ohio, in favor of the recognition of the Independence of Liberia.

Mr. Seward offered a list of standing Committees, and moved its adoption. He remarked that the list had been agreed upon by the majority of members of the Senate, and that the Republicans, though their proportion in the Committees was unequal and unjust, were compelled to acquiesce.

Mr. Trumbull said the Republicans—one-third the members of the Senate—have only seven members on the Committees, and he could have no part or lot in a list thus formed.

Mr. Fessenden remarked that a just and fair distribution had not been made among the Republicans.

Mr. Mason replied that parliamentary usage and political propriety gave the party responsible for the measures before the Senate, the control of the Committees, but there was a strict propriety in giving the minority a chance to be heard.

Mr. Crittenden said he did not belong to the high contracting parties, and therefore could have nothing to do with the arrangement.

The Committees, as reported, were then adopted.

Mr Trumbull moved that all the papers in the Indiana contested election case, be referred to the Judiciary Committee. After some debate the motion prevailed.

On motion of Mr. Bigler, the protest of the Democratic members of the Pennsylvania Legislature against Mr. Cameron's right to a seat, were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Crittenden offered the following, of which he will ask the consideration at some future day:

Resolved, That, in the judgment of the Senate, the complete exemption of all vessels of commerce and their cargoes from seizure or capture in time of war would be a signal blessing to mankind, and that, to the accomplishment of an end so desirable, the Senate will always be ready to give their hearty aid and co-operation.

Resolved, That the mere abolition of privateering would not accomplish that end, but would, in its operation, be unequal and unjust, depriving the United States of a most effectual means of hostility and retaliation against a superior naval power, which by means of its greater number of public ships might, almost with impunity, destroy or cripple our commerce, and, therefore, such abolition alone would be inconsistent with the policy and interest of the United States.

Resolved, That this policy of the United States, coinciding with the general interest of mankind, is well explained and vindicated in the statesmanlike letter of the American Secretary of State (Mr. Marcy) to the Count de Sartiges, of July 20, 1856.

Resolved, Therefore, That the course pursued by President Pierce, as stated in his last annual message, in reference to certain rules or principles of maritime law in time of war, agreed upon and declared by the Plenipotentiaries of Russia, France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia and Turkey, and submitted by him for adoption by this Government, meets the cordial approbation and concurrence of the Senate.

On March 10th, on motion of Mr Crittenden, his resolutions, relative to Privateering, were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The Senate then went into Executive Session.

On March 11th, Mr. Benjamin, from the Judiciary Committee, to which was referred the Pennsylvania contested election case, reported that from the protest of certain members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, it appeared that the grounds of the protest are—First, that there was not a concurrent majority of each House in favor of the soldiers declared to be elected; and secondly, that the Senate did not comply with the requirement of the State laws, by appointing a Teller, and making nominations, &c., at least one day previous to the meeting of the joint Convention. In addition to those grounds, was a third. The protest of the members of the House of Representatives charges that the election of Mr. Cameron was produced as they are informed and believe, by corrupt and unlawful means, involving certain members of that body; and they request the Senate to order an investigation, not only to inquire into the illegality of the election, but in order to afford an opportunity to submit proof as to the facts on which this charge rests. This, the Committee say, is a general allegation, and they cannot recommend the prayer to be granted, owing to the charge being too vague and indefinite. There was not a single fact or circumstance detailed as the basis of the general charge; nor was it alleged that the sitting member participated in these corrupt means, or had a knowledge of their existence. The Committee could not, therefore, consider it necessary to appoint a roving commission to procure proof of the alleged fraud, in order to deprive a member of a seat to which he is entitled, on the party charging corruption were charged with ample power to investigate the matter. If, on investigation, the charges be proven, and if they believe the character of Mr. Cameron so involved that he should not be a Senator, the result could be reported, and the Senate could take further action. With regard to the first two points, the Committee regard the provisions of the law as merely directory, and a failure to comply with them did not make the election invalid. The Committee asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Pugh dissented from the conclusions of the majority of the Committee. A debate ensued in the course of which Mr. Cameron said that the whole protest was looked on as a piece of humbug. More than twenty-five of the signers had called on him to say that there was nothing in it, but that they were compelled to sign it lest they might give offence to some of the leading men who can influence the coming appointments. Mr. Bigler replied, saying that he was not willing to believe this. He asked that the case lie over, and the report of Committee on the Judiciary be printed.

Mr. Foot submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That Simon Cameron is entitled to a seat upon this floor as a legally chosen Senator from the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Benjamin offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Senate obtain, for the use of the Senate, from the report of the decisions of the Supreme Court, 20,000 copies of the opinions of the Judges in the case of Dred Scott, and that the same be paid for at the rate of not exceeding fifteen cents per 100 pages provided the same be stitched, with paper covers, in pamphlet form.

The Senate then went into Executive Session.

On March 12th, Mr. Dawson desired that the report of the Committee on the Judiciary, in his case, be taken up, with the view of disposing of it.

Mr Mason objected, on the ground that the public business required an Executive Session, and to this the Senate agreed.

On March 13th, Mr Benjamin called up the resolution reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, to discharge them from the further consideration of the protest and papers in the case of the seat of Mr Cameron.

Mr. Bigler wanted the question postponed. A debate ensued, after which the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Benjamin, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a resolution, proposing that all parties to the contested election in Indiana take testimony before the judicial tribunals of that State.

Considerable discussion followed, which was interrupted by the Senate going into Executive Session.

On March 14th, Mr. Trumbull made an ineffectual effort to have the Indiana election case considered.

The Vice President retired from the Chair, and Mr. Rusk was appointed President pro tem, receiving 29 out of 49 votes.

Mr. Seward offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, tendering the thanks of the Senate to Mr. Breckinridge, for the dignity and impartiality with which he had discharged the duties as presiding officer.

Five thousand copies of the report of the army officers, relative to their mission to the Crimea during the war, were ordered to be printed.

The Senate then went into Executive Session.

TUMORS.—Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has been experimenting on the removal of tumors by a method novel in this country. He introduces a hollow acupuncture needle, or very fine trocar, into their tissue, and injects a few drops of some irritant liquid—such as a solution of chloride of zinc, per-chloride of iron, or creosote. The effect has been to destroy the vitality of tumors so treated, and they have been separated by a process of enucleation. We have seen a somewhat similar plan adopted in Paris, by M. Maisonneuve. He has slender stylets made of a paste composed of flour, water, and chloride of zinc. These are baked. A puncture is made in the tumor, the caustic stylet is inserted, broken off, and left. We saw several malignant tumors treated in this manner, and some cases in which a healthy granulating surface was left after the separation of tumors which had been destroyed in this manner.—*Medical Times.*

☞ COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON THE TRIAL OF IRON SAFES AT READING.—TO THE PUBLIC.—For some time back, Messrs. Evans & Watson and Farrels & Herring were discussing the relative merits of their FIRE PROOF SAFES, in the newspapers of Philadelphia, and at length came to some understanding to test their merits, in the city of Reading, Pa., by burning the Reading Railroad Safe, in the office of David E. Stout, Esq., manufactured by Messrs. Farrels & Herring against that of H. A. Lantz, Esq., made by Messrs. Evans & Watson. On the 26th of February, both parties met in said city, and invited a committee on each side to meet them at the Keystone House in order to make preliminary arrangements to burn said Safes. The parties could not agree on these Safes, whereupon Messrs. Evans & Watson declared they *would burn them*, and Messrs. Farrels & Herring declared they would take two Safes in war in the city of Reading, sold by both parties on the same year and of the same size, and would burn them the same day; both parties invited the said Committee to examine the contents and witness the burning. On the 28th February, all the members of the Committee met to witness the Safes and books and papers, (placed in them) and were satisfied that all was right. The day following, the burning took place, under superintendence of the Committee. After a fair and impartial burning for five hours in the furnace of Messrs. Farrels & Herring, the Safe of Messrs. Evans & Watson was first opened, and found to be on fire inside, and partially consumed, while the contents in the Safe of Messrs. Farrels & Herring were in good condition, and no fire inside. The Committee then proceeded to the opening of the Safes burned by Messrs Evans & Watson (which were not subjected to so great a heat from the fact that the brass knobs were not burnt off the doors,) and in our opinion, when the contents were removed from the Safes, there was no difference.

H. F. FELIX,
P. N. COLEMAN,
A. R. PEACOCK,
Committee.

READING, March 2, 1857.

The Safes tested by us were one of Herring's Patent, made and sold by us in the year 1855, against one of Evans & Watson's "best Salamanders," within inside iron door, &c., E & W's being the largest and most costly Safe. These tried by Evans & Watson in their furnace, was one taken from *their agent's store*, (Mr. Lantz), *eight inches thick*, (evidently made for the purpose), against one of ours, about half the thickness, (two inches) made and sold some two years since. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, *they could not "roast that Herring."* FARRELS & HERRING.

34 Walnut Street.

Only makers in this State of Herring's Patent Champion Safes. 1t

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A LETTER FROM NICARAGUA SAYS:—Do you know that Washington has been placed in the calender of Saints? There is a church at Rivas over the principal portal of which is a very well executed bust of the leader of the American Revolution, and, on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "good Saint George Washington." I confess that as I passed this church I felt like taking off my hat, and did it—not because of custom, but because I couldn't help it. The same reason is ascribed by thousands of our citizens, for purchasing their clothing only at the beautiful emporium of *Granville Stokes*, No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philada. "They couldn't help it."

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

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ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

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HIGH RENTS.—The New York *Times* says the chief cause of the high rents in that city is, that "there are more tenants than houses." This is a remarkable theory. The *Times* might have added that better houses could be had for lower rents in Philadelphia, and that they have nothing in New York which will begin to compare with the *Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson*, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

From the National Era, Washington.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—We so far depart from our custom as to say of the above article that we have seen it tried, and find it an excellent preparation, in a very convenient form, for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Public Speakers and Singers will find them indispensable upon trial. By enclosing to J. I. Brown & Son, Boston, 25 cents in stamps, a box will be sent, prepaid, to any part of the United States. 1t

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☞ A GOOD-LOOKING FRIEND of ours, who is on this side of forty, though somewhat hoary headed, while absent from the city a few days used Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, and on his return called to see his lady-love, but was amazed to find she did not recognize him; and immediately determined to pass for a cousin of himself, but was eventually charmed to find he was supplanting his former self in the affections of the lady, which caused him to make himself known: but the lady still says that she likes the counterfeit better than the original, and insists that he continue (if necessary) to use the Hair Restorative. To be had of the Druggists.—*St. Louis Morning Herald.*

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, at the residence of her uncle, 421 South 2d street, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. JOHN NORRIS, of Vidcar county, Illinois, to Miss FANNY BAXTER, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JACOB SERICESON, to Miss MARY E. GILBERT, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. WILLIAM MCGARVY, to Miss MARGARET A. H. SHIPPEN.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. A. G. W. RABEIN, to Miss MARY A. KROUSE, both of this city.

On the 2th of Jan. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CHARLES H. WILLITS, to FANNIE C. daughter of the late Philip S. Clawges.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JOHN D. GARDINER, to Miss MARY J. BENCKERT, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. BENJAMIN MENAFEE, to Miss ISABELLA J. PATTERSON, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. C. G. FELT, of St. Louis, Mo. to Miss HANNAH MATTHEWS, formerly of Cape May, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. JOHN MAULE, to Miss SALLIE KNORR, all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d of Aug. last, by the Rev. Mr. John A. Roche, WILLIAM H. ADAMSON, of Philadelphia, to EMELINE SHAFFNESSON, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JAMES WILLIAMSON, to Miss ISABELLA BRIGGS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor Odenheimer, CHARLES F. SNYDER, to MARY A. THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. THOMAS HARRISON, to Miss MARY A. BURNS.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. ARCHIBALD CARSON, to Mrs. SARAH PEACOCK, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Mr. JOHN JACOBS, to AMANDA M. HURSTIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY L. HESTON, to Miss ADELAIDE SAVIDGE, both of this city.

On the 22th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. JOHN SHARE, to Miss SALLIE J. MITCHELL, daughter of Mr. Geo. Mitchell, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, CAROLINE, wife of Wm. P. Zimmerman, aged 27 years.

On the 10th instant, MARGARETTA, wife of John Aupperle, aged 33 years.

On the 6th instant, ANNIE, wife of James W. Kirk, aged 25 years.

On the 11th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Joseph Morgan, aged 55 years.

On the 11th instant, JOHN GILVILLEN, aged 86 years.

On the 10th instant, ANNA MARY, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Ingram, aged 4 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. KATE, wife of Thos. Eastwick, aged 39 years.

On the 11th instant, ANNA MARY, daughter of Nicholas and Anna Schott, aged 3 years.

On the 13th instant, SARAH, wife of Geo. N. Foust, aged 35 years.

On the 11th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH S. HUBERT, aged 76.

On the 11th instant, SARAH, wife of the late Philip Coyle, aged 32 years.

On the 7th instant, JOHN HERMANN, aged 45 years.

On the 5th instant, REBECCA DOUGLAS, aged 24 years.

At Bristol, Pa. on the 6th instant, Mr. RICHARD O'DONNELL.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM H. TOWSON, aged 41 years.

On the 7th instant, JACOB K. NEFF, aged 79 years.

On the 7th instant, ANN, daughter of Michael and Mary Donohoe, aged 9 years.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH HAWKINS, aged 36 years.

On the 1st instant, SARAH ISABELLA, daughter of Richard Evans, aged 6 years.

On the 1st instant, HARRY, son of Jos. and Mary Freed, aged 4 years.

On the 1st instant, EDWARD T. LOY, aged 4 years and 10 months.

On the 28th ultimo, MRS. ELIZA, wife of John Burns, aged 25 years.

On the 28th ultimo, ANNIE, daughter of Patrick and Ann Jane Hickey, aged 7 years.

On the 26th ultimo, ROSANNAH, wife of Chas. McCann, aged 23 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM WILSON.

On the 29th ultimo, SAMUEL SELLERS, son of David and Mary A. Snyder.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 2 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VIRGINIA.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Lancaster bank	40 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
Erie City bk	50 dis	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Small notes	25 dis
Merch bk Bridgton	20 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	50 dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		**ALABAMA.**	
Solvent bks	par	Bk of Mobile	¼ dis
Under 5's	¼ dis	Other solv bks	5 dis
MARYLAND.		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	All bks	uncertain
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
Far & Mech bk Kent co	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		**OHIO.**	
Exchange bk	33 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk of Circleville	35 dis
NEW YORK.		Canal bk Cleveland	¼ dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	¼ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego	30 dis	State bk	¼ dis
Ex bk Buffalo	50 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Empire City bk	14 dis	Gramercy bk Lafayette	"
Central bk	14 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Champlain bk	no sale	Peoples bk, Carmi	2 dis
MAINE.		Rushville bk, Rushville	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Prairie State bk	20 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2 dis	Solvent bks	5 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis	Agricultural bk	10 dis
Mariners bk Bangor	15 dis	Amer Ex bk	10 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Bk of Aurora	10 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk of Gurnsville	10 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Bk Commonwealth	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk Illinois	10 dis
Lancaster bk	closed	Bk Pike Co	10 dis
VERMONT.		Bk Raleigh	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk Southern Ill	10 dis
South Royalton bk	¼ dis	Com Ex bk	10 dis
CONNECTICUT.		Hamilton Co bk	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Mississippi River bk	10 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		Warren Co bk	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Bk Republic Providence	75 dis	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
CANADA.		Bk of West Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis	River Bank	no sale
GEORGIA.		Solv bks	14 dis
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale	Small notes	20 dis
Ga Columbus	no sale	Central bk	no sale
Bk of Middle G'rgia	no sale	Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Mer bk Columbus	no sale	Middle Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
New bks	2 to 5 dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Merchants' & Planters' bk, Savannah	no sale	**ARKANSAS.**	
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale	All bks	no sale
Southern bk	no sale	**WISCONSIN.**	
		Solv bks	2 dis
		TEXAS.	
		Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	20 dis

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WALL PA

Wit and Humor.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A tinker was travelling in a country town, and, having traversed many weary miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got in conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go into his dinner, and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and, when he returned to the bar, he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services, to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had suddenly sprung a leak.

The tinker at once fell to work, accomplished the task, was liberally rewarded, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house, he found the glazier, who said—

"Well, you see, I told the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier; "you told me you were weary, hungry, and penniless. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business, so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every tin utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey, but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him—he would befriend the glazier. The church he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause, so taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job. He met the glazier at the door of the tavern.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker, "and you will, of course, be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone—

"You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," returned the tinker: "there isn't a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair, "but, you scoundrel, you have ruined me, for I keep the church windows in repair by the year!"

A STUDBORN STRIPLING.—"Once upon a time" a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was *cute* on cyphering—*thought it not more than fair that* he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red hot warming-pan—and looking as silly as a ninny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.

"Jedediah," at length, he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment?"

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation; "sorry! No, *sir!* I am not. And I will do jest so again if I hev a chance. So, put on, old feller, jest as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jo-hoshiphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry at *that*—by thunder, I would!"—*Boston Post*.

BLOWED VERY HARD.—A correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal, tells the following story of a London merchant who was very deaf:

One night the city of London was visited by a most tremendous gale, the roaring of which reached the auricular of the deaf gentleman, much to his terror and dismay. The next day, upon proceeding to his counting room his whole mind impressed with the severity of the gale, and supposing every body was talking about it, he met with an acquaintance, who accosted him with the usual greeting:

"Good morning."

"Blowed hard—blowed very hard."

"How is your lady this morning?"

"Like to have blowed me out of bed—out of bed."

A NEW CURE.—A gentleman of color had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He doctored it and nursed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed: "Ache away, den, ole feller—ache away. I shan't do nuffin more for yer; dis chile can stan' it as long as you kin, so ache away."

A CHRISTENING.—On the 30th ult., at a church in Southwark, there was a christening. After the ceremony, and while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th!" "Thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the *eleventh!*" Of course the minister was alluding to the day of the month.

☞ "Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer of the best class in that "eloquent State."

"I am a little afraid that you won't," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

TIMID AND COURAGEOUS.—A correspondent sends the following, and vouches for its truth:—In our village we have a man who makes himself very unpopular, and, I may say, very odious, by his everlasting fault finding with other people. He is a good man, perhaps, but if he sees anything in one of the other members of the church that he can take hold of, he talks about it, and harps upon it, and makes it twice as bad as it was or would have been, but for his censorious meddling with the motes in other people's eyes. His name is Sharp, and well it might be. Not far from him—indeed, there is only a garden between the houses—lives Mr. Davis, a mild, inoffensive, good man, who would be very slow to do wrong at any time, and has the fear of Mr. Sharp's tongue before him at all times. It happened, during that coldest snap in last December, that by Sunday afternoon they had burnt up all the wood that Mr. Davis had provided on Saturday, and he must go out to the pile and cut some more, or the children would suffer, and perhaps be seriously injured by the cold. After some hesitation, but seeing no alternative, Davis took his axe, and keeping one eye out at Sharp's house and one on his work, he soon had an armful cut, which he was just picking up as some one spoke to him from the roadside:—"I say, Mr. Davis." He dropped the wood, and looking up, cried, "Oh, Mr. Smith! Ah! yes, Mr. Smith! Cold day, Mr. Smith; glad to see you; thought at first it was old Sharp." "Well, what if it was?" "Why, you see, I wouldn't just like, you know, to have Sharp see me chopping wood a Sunday." "But, neighbor Davis," said Mr. Smith, "don't you think the Lord will see you?" "Oh, yes, I suppose likely he will; but then *he won't make such a dreadful fuss about it.*"

A STRANGE FREAK.—Last week, while a family were at breakfast, they were alarmed at hearing a rumbling, rolling sort of noise in the bedroom of the husband overhead, and on going to ascertain the cause, that eccentric individual was found rolling and scrambling on the floor. The good lady, alarmed at the strange antics, called out loudly to her better half to know what was the matter.

"Why, really, I don't know," said he, "but I was sleeping, and dreamed I was a sack of wheat, and that by some means the string became unfastened at the mouth of the bag, when I immediately began to roll about, and was just then beginning to get myself together again."

RATHER SARCASTIC ON A SUPREME JUDGE.—A contemporary has the following upon one of the Supreme Court judges of California:—

While one of the supreme judges was recently staying at Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and, among the rest—

"Where do you live?"

"In California."

"Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?"

"I am a judge of the Supreme Court."

"*Oh! ah!*" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name—it is Lynch, eh?"

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE BAD ODORS.—*The Boston Medical Journal mentions the following simple and economical apparatus for overcoming bad odors, and purifying any apartment where the air is loaded with noxious materials.* Take one of any of the various kinds of glass lamps—for burning camphene, for example—fill it with chloric ether, and light the wick. In a few minutes the object will be accomplished. In dissecting-rooms, in the damp, deep vaults where drains allow the escape of offensive gases, in out-buildings, and in short in any spot where it is desirable to purify the atmosphere, burn one of these lamps. One tube charged with a wick is sufficient.

TO RENOVATE SILKS.—Sponge faded silks with warm water and soap; then rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board; afterwards iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. Old black silks may be improved by sponging with spirits. In this case, the ironing may be done on the right side, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

PRESERVED SUET.—Suet may be kept for a whole year, fit for use, by preparing it according to the subjoined directions: Choose the firmest part of the suet, and pick it free from skin and veins. Put it into a saucepan and set it at some distance from the fire, in order that the suet may melt without frying, or it will taste disagreeably. When it is melted, pour it into a pan of cold water. After it has caked quite hard, wipe it very dry, fold it in fine paper, and then in linen. Keep it in a dry but not in a hot place. When you wish to use it, scrape it fine. It will make a nice crust, either with or without butter.

HORN AIL IN CATTLE.—Take a piece of alum as large as a walnut, pulverize it and put it into about a wine glassfull of sharp vinegar—turn up the head, and pour it into one ear. In two or three days pour the same quantity in the other ear. A third application is seldom necessary.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

YEAST.—Take 3 ounces of good fresh hops, 3½ pounds of rye flour, 7 pounds of Indian corn meal and one gallon of water. Rub the hops so as to separate them. Put them into boiling water and boil half an hour. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve into an earthern vessel. While hot, put in the rye flour, stirring the liquor well and quickly, as it goes in. Next day, put in the Indian meal, stirring it well, and the mess will be stiff dough. Knead it well as you would pie crust; roll it out to the thickness of about a third of an inch, and cut it up into cakes with a tumbler or something else, and lay the cakes on a clean board or a tin, and put them to dry in the sun. Turn them every day; let them receive no wet; and they will become as hard as ship biscuit. Store them in a bag or box, *perfectly free from damp.* When you bake take two cakes and crack and put them into hot water over night, in a vessel near the fire place, where they will dissolve by morning, and then you use them in setting your sponge (as it is called), as you would use the yeast of beer; and these yeast-cakes may be kept just as long as you desire.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Mix together a pint of mastic varnish and a pint of pale, boiled linseed oil. It is to be rubbed on the furniture with a piece of soft linen or flannel.

GREASE SPOTS may be removed from books, gloves, cloth, and all other fabrics, by rubbing with a piece of new fine flannel soaked in benzoil, which is for sale at any druggist's.

HAVING A PAIR ON!

SKATER.—"Hi!—Hollo!—What are you about?—It's going into my foot!"

SKATE PROPRIETOR.—"Never mind, sir! Better 'av 'em on firm!"

Agricultural.

WORK TO BE DONE.

March should be a busy month to the farmer. Manures, if not already carted out where likely to be wanted, should be attended to. Place your manure in convenient sized heaps, at proper distances apart, and cover the tops of the heaps slightly with charcoal dust, pulverulent muck or peat, or a slight coating of plaster of Paris. Either of these will prevent, in part at least, the ammonia escaping with the first warm day. Prepare ground early as possible, and spread on more manure at a time than can be ploughed in within a few hours. If you cannot obtain any of the above named articles to cover the manure heaps until required for use, throw a few shovel-fulls of soil over each heap.

FARM WORK.—If fences are not in good order, see them attended to. Cut, pile, and prepare fuel for summer; repair buildings; whitewash stables; clean out old litter, and sprinkle with plaster, having everything removed to the compost heap that can make foul air during warm spring days, and thus preserve the health of both men and animals; clean and whitewash poultry houses, clean hog-pens, &c., &c. Look to your tools of all kinds, if not already done, and see that they are in good order. Repair harness, &c. Look well to your stock. If they are not properly cared for at this season of the year, they cannot be expected to do the heavy spring work. If you have pursued the barbarous custom of leaving manures exposed all winter in cow-yards, without protection from the atmosphere, cart it out immediately, as directed in the beginning of this article, and thus stop the greater wastes arising from warmer weather. If you have any manure more than will be wanted for spring use, make it into compost with muck, peat, pond-mud, or even headlands, rather than lose the more valuable parts of its constituents by leaving it unprotected. If you can, put it under cover; and if you have no manure sheds, cover the heaps with any of the absorbents of ammonia before named. An occasional sprinkling on its surface, of water, in which one thousandth of its weight of sulphuric acid has been mixed, will be serviceable by changing the carbonate of ammonia to the sulphate, and thus prevent its evaporation and consequent loss.

All that we have noted above should have been done in February and early March: but as we know that they are often neglected, we name them thus late.

Meadows and Old Fields.—If you have any meadows or old fields that are sward-bound, or which bore but indifferent crops of hay last season, give them a thorough harrowing as soon as the frost is out of the surface, while the ground is soft, then sow to each acre four quarts of timothy seeds, ten pounds of clover seed, one bushel of plaster of Paris, five bushels of wood ashes, and five bushels of newly-slaked lime, all well mixed, and finish off by rolling.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

If, after the above, you will sprinkle the surface with 100 pounds of nitrate of soda, (cubic petre) in solution, much benefit will ensue.

Fields occupied by winter grain, if partially winter killed, should be harrowed, the bare spots sown with spring grain or clover, and suitable top-dressings, and then the whole rolled. Any roots disturbed by the harrow will be partially restored by the roller to the soil, and the abrasion will cause such roots to *tiller* (throw out new shoots from the first joint), and thus give full crops.

Top dress pasture and mowing lands and winter grains with 1 cwt. of improved Super-Phosphate of Lime per acre.

Prepare and Sow Spring Grains.—Plough deeply, manure fully.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—The operation in this department must depend upon the weather. If the weather be mild, then pursue the following, but if cold and backward, delay proportionably:

"Gardeners should never sleep while the sun is up."—*Buist.*

Artichokes.—Dress plants by the 15th, if mild. Sow seeds in moderate hot-beds, if not already done. Plant out suckers from old plants.

Asparagus.—Sow seed; plant out two-year old plants; force and dress beds.

Balm.—Plant.

Basil.—Sow.

Lima Beans.—Start in doors, in sods reversed in boxes, in time to plant out after frosts; they are tender, and must not be exposed until settled weather.

Early Windsor and English Long Pod Beans.—Plant as soon as settled weather. They are more hardy than Limas, but the leaves will suffer by the frosts—are inferior in quality.

Beets—Sow; *Borage*—Sow; *Borecole*—Sow early; *Broccoli*—Sow; *Burnet*—Plant; *Cabbages*—Plant out and sow early in hot-beds for safety—if settled weather in April, may sow out-doors; *Early Carrots*—Sow.

Cauliflowers—Prick out from frames—give air freely to those protected, and prick out early spring raised, in April.

Early Corn—May be planted if settled weather. *Cress*—Sow; *Coriander*—Sow early; *Corn Salad*—Sow; *Garlic*—Plant; *Horse Radish*—Plant; *Sea Kale*—Plant or sow; *Leeks*—Sow; *Lettuce*—Sow; prick out and plant from frames; *Mushroom Beds*—Make; *Nasturtium*—Sow.

Onions—Sow. Plant out small onions or pips, plant seeds thickly to raise pips for next year's use. Plant large onions to raise seed. Potato and tree onions, plant; *Parsley*—Sow.

Potatoes—Plant, and if you can get them, plant the *Mammoth Nutmeg Potato*—they are the earliest as well as the best potato known. If these cannot be had, plant early kinds; or if your seed be of late kinds, at least *plant them early*, as both early kinds, and early planted late kinds, are less liable to the potato disease than late planting.

We received a letter from Mr. James Campbell, of Weston, N. J., who says, that although other sorts of potatoes were destroyed by the rot, the Mammoth Nutmegs were entirely sound.

Sweet Potatoes—Plant in hot-beds, to get sprouts for setting out.

Pennyroyal—Plant; *Radishes*—Sow; *Rhubarb*—Sow and plant; *Rochambole, Rosemary* and *Rue*—Plant; *Sage*—Plant; *Salsify*—Sow; *Savoys*—Sow; *Succory*—Sow; *Spinach*—Sow; *Tansey* and *Tarragon*—Plant out; *Thyme*—Sow; *Tomatoes*—Sow in hot-beds; *Turnips*—Sow; *Wormwood*—Sow.

The reader must be aware that as the above is written some days in advance of the dates referred to, we cannot pre-judge what the weather may be, and until the ground be free from frost, and its recurrence is at least doubtful, the plantings should not be ventured upon.

Seeds.—See that you have a full supply on hand, so as to lose no time in making your sowings; and above all, plant out those roots, &c., intended to produce seed before being injured by sprouting in the cellars.

Hot beds.—Look well to your hot-beds, and give air every fine day. Cover them warmly at night, and regulate the temperature with strict reference to their contents; thus you may give air even at a considerable loss of heat, to cabbage, lettuce, &c., whereas the egg-plant sash can only be raised with propriety while the heat of the outside air is sufficient to prevent the temperature of the bed from falling materially.

Bridgeman says, and truly, "Egg plant seed will not vegetate freely without substantial heat. If these plants get the least chilled in the early stages of growth, they seldom recover."

Cold Frames.—Those plants which have been in cold frames all winter, and are not yet planted out, should be fully aired and left uncovered, even at night, unless heavy frosts be feared. These plants will be more hardy and earlier than those raised in hot beds.

SMALL FRUITS.—Plant out cuttings of grape, gooseberry, currants, &c., as early as practicable, and if they have been kept in a moist place during winter, and are *plump* and well conditioned, they will soon make roots. Those of the gooseberry and currant should have all the eyes removed, except three or four at the top, as by this means they will produce on single stalks and throw up no suckers. Grape cuttings should be planted two eyes out, and all cuttings should be partially shaded, or they will not take root with certainty. This is particularly true with the grape.

Currants, gooseberries, and grapes, two years from the cuttings, should now be transplanted *in place*, and in putting them out, be sure not only to dig the holes as large as you intend the roots to expand, but also to a depth of at least two feet, filling up the space previously occupied by the sub-soil, with good earth. Manure freely, but not with fermenting manure; for small fruits it should either be well disintegrated with muck or charcoal dust, or of a quality not liable to heat. The gooseberry is a rank feeder, as well as the raspberry, and is capable of appropriating large amounts of animal manures to its use.

Strawberries.—Clean, dress, and fork the beds.

Grape Vines.—Loosen the earth about their roots and give them manures. Swamp-muck which has been decomposed by the salt and lime mixture, answers a good purpose. Whole bones buried near the roots of grape vines will soon be appropriated, and during the summer rest, a little potash water will hurry up their action.

Quinces.—Do not believe the old story that quinces will take care of themselves. Manure them well if you want fair fruit.

ORCHARDS.—Clean the bark of your trees early in spring. Plant out young trees, and in doing so cut off broken and bruised ends of roots and end of tap-root. Use a sharp knife and cut upwards, so that the clean face of the cut when in the ground will be downwards, or like the angle of the first cut of a quill on making a pen when held in the proper position for writing. Dig the holes large and replace the sub soil with good surface mold, (from the woods, if you can get it,) and manure freely, (cold manure.) Many trees require lime and other substances; to succeed well, (see *Downing,*) do not let the roots come in immediate contact with the manure, nor bend the roots from their proper position; the hole must be large enough to receive them. Water freely until the tree is established; *keep* the bark clean and free from insects; trim properly and not unnecessarily, and cut down the tree as soon as you ascertain that the nurseryman has sold you a common quality of fruit.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Soon as frost disappears, uncover protected plants and trim out decayed shoots, or those which have been injured by frost.

Trim largerstromias closely; they will flower the better for it. Leave two or three eyes of new growth. Cut off brown parts of evergreens; clean the beds of litter, leaves, &c.

Prepare hot-bed frame for forwarding showy annuals. For a list of proper annuals for hot-bed, see *American Flower Garden Directory*, by Buist, p. 27.

Sow hardy annuals about the 5th of April; take the plan recommended by Bridgeman; "Press a bowl edge downwards into the earth, until you have made a circular drill to the required depth, and plant the seeds in this drill. You may then bury any special manure in the centre, and there place the label; when grown, the stalks of the flowers will form a circle, and the effect and mutual support will both be improved. Plant box edgings: clip the tops evenly and trim the roots judiciously, but do not plant without roots, for although the plants may grow they will never form an even edge. Avoid grass edgings—they are too troublesome; the sea pink, mignonette, *phlox subulata* and *phlox procumbens*, are better in every respect. Plant hardy biennials from 1st to 15th April. Perennials about the same time. (For a choice list, see *Buist*, p. 85.)

Bulbous Roots.—Clean your tulip beds, remove the tan, leaves, and, other protections; spring hoops over the beds, so as to be able to protect them against sudden hard showers, &c.; support as they advance by small rods. This will apply to most bulbs. *Roses* should be planted this month, if possible. Buist recommends that where the object is to keep back the flowering, it is better done by removing them in boxes or pots to the dry part of an ice house, until the desired time of planting, which may be delayed as long as the required time of flowering.

Roses should not be crowded with other shrubs; they should rather be grouped with each other, so as to have relation to chromatic arrangement of color, as well as size and figure of the group.

The champney, noisette, and other climbing roses, should be pruned about the first of April; they never bear on wood of three or four years old, and therefore such wood should be cut out to encourage the young wood, which is continually putting up from the roots.

Decidual ornamental flowering shrubs should be planted as early as possible, for on this fact depends their beauty. Their roots should not long be exposed to the air, and in finally pressing the earth around them, leave a cavity to hold water in dry weather.

Grass-plats should be rolled in March to replace the upheavings by frost. A slight salting will improve their color, and prevent the earth-worms from annoying the roots.

Gravel Walks—Repair and roll early; sprinkle them plentifully with dry salt which will keep down weeds, grass, &c. By the middle of April no good gardener permits a weed to be seen: prick out annuals, give plenty of air and frequent sprinklings with water. Roses may be grafted at this time if desired. Deciduous shrubs should not be planted after the 15th.—Evergreen shrubs should now be planted; support hyacinths. Anemonies and Ranunculus should now be watered in dry weather; pour the water carefully on the ground, as the flowers are too tender to withstand the weight and force of a stream from the watering pot; syringe the upper parts with great care. Box edgings should not be made after April.

PARLOR PLANTS.—Keep the temperature at not less than forty degrees, giving air from 10 to 3 o'clock, when the outside temperature is above forty degrees. The plants will require water, but not too much. Pick off dead leaves, and tie up shoots; loosen soil, and top the pots with fresh loam; re-pot those requiring it; about the first of April place opposite windows toward the east; clean off dust and insects. During April, air and water may be given more freely.

As we could not pre-judge the weather, and do not believe either in the influences of the moon upon the weather, nor in other popular signs, our readers will have to observe it as changes take place, and apply our directions accordingly.—*Working Farmer.*

AN INCORRIGIBLE.—"The Russian ambassador, M. de Kourakin, visiting the prison of St. Lazare, had his snuff box in his hand at the moment that he entered that portion of the prison in which women were confined for theft. One of the women, seeing it, fell into fits. After she had been brought round, she was questioned as to what had had such an effect upon her. 'It is so frightful,' she said, 'to see a snuff-box of gold, and not be able to take it.' The Prince said, smiling, 'It is impossible to alter the vocation of some people; this one has the further fault of an exceeding sincerity."—*Memoire of Charles Maurice.*

HOW TO PRESERVE A WHALE.—A short time ago, a whale was stranded on the Norfolk coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertised for information how to preserve it. A Sunderland wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half-a-crown's worth of postage stamps—which arrived; and the following receipt was duly forwarded:—"Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whiskey may do;) then cork and seal up." The postage stamps were handed over to a charitable institution.—*Sunderland Herald.*

FAMILIARITY.—I see that I am approaching the West by the increasing familiarity of the inferiors. A coachman calls me his friend. Nothing of this kind is equal to what happened to a German prince. He had made an agreement with a man to drive him to the next town. The driver entered the hotel, whip in hand, and said, "Where's the man who starts this evening? I am the gentleman who takes charge of him."—*Travels in America, (by a Frenchman, of course.)*

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.—A Professor of Mathematics in a certain college, who is not famous for the prompt settlement of his pecuniary obligations, recently asked a dunce, who was passing an examination, "What is a note on six months?" "Don't know, sir." "Happy man!" said the Professor, in a low tone. There was a general smile among the candidates for admission.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL-GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 172 letters.

My 70, 39, 81, 85, 136, 91, 128, 162, is a city in Connecticut.
My 163, 135, 123, 101, 171, 172, 29, 28, 156, 126, 99, is a city in Oceanica.
My 105, 102, 158, 138, 109, 127, 142, 137, 151, 163, is a city in Michigan.
My 141, 53, 114, 143, is a city in England.
My 20, 53, 42, 71, 82, 121, 122, 14, 30, 37, 42, is a city in Mexico.
My 6, 10, 43, 44, 51, 131, 132, 143, 119, 161, is a city in Yucatan.
My 29, 33, 54, 57, 67, 76, 145, 171, 8, 19, is a city in France.
My 39, 72 101, 104, 106, 109, 119, 140, 159, 148, 150, 129, is a city in Russia.
My 30, 66, 93, 96, 103, 111, 23, 117, 120, 145, 26, 158, 165, is a city in Ireland.
My 129, 148, 1, 66, 97, 147, 156, 157, 171, is a city in Equador.
My 2, 7, 53, 66, 75, 148, 163, 98, 122, 170, 61, 31, is a city in New Jersey.
My 61, 69, 166, 167, 8, 21, 130, 26, 32, 76, is a city in Denmark.
My 36, 46, 142, 11, 43, 47, 105, 107, 116, 139, is a city in South Carolina.
My 29, 41, 25, 40, 50, 77, 113, 169, 15, 28, is a city in Uruguay.
My 29, 33, 147, 148, 4, 6, 18, 25, is a city in Barbary.
My 12, 24, 29, 66, 148, 36, 45, 89, 130, is a city in Soudan.
My 110, 13, 25, 125, 56, 63, 72, 111, 0, 19, 36, 162, is a city in California.
My 61, 16, 28, 70, 88, 92, 122, 3, 20, is a city in Russia.
My 60, 70, 27, 70, 82, 139, 142, 106, 124, 143, 140, 165, is a city in Indiana.
My 92, 63, 121, 149, 153, 1, 17, is a city in British America.
My 34, 43, 29, 60, 63, 80, 53, 86, is a city in Egypt.
My 40, 73, 74, 76, 20, 52, is a city in France.
My 114, 122, 126, 136, 137, 140, 1, is a city in Oceanica.
My 10, 30, 64, 82, 87, 80, 61, is a city in Russia.
My 46, 78, 90, 114, 149, 165, 152, 70, 71, 78, is a city in Turkey.
My 50, 154, 161, 164, 102, 122, 159, 1, 3, is a city in Hindostan.
My 20, 30, 76, 111, 119, 138, 140, 158, 160, 11, is a city in England.
My 22, 43, 66, 92, 93, 133, 145, 171, 3, 118, is a city in Prussia.
My 1, 36, 81, 91, 100, 139, is a city in Oceanica.
My 10, 56, 115, 150, 161, 168, 38, 70, is a city in Scotland.
My 43, 58, 129, 134, 155, 11, 25, is a city in Tuscany.

My whole is a verse of Scripture containing all the letters (but one) in the alphabet. GAHMEW.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 11, 1, 10, 11, 12, the supposed murderer of Patroclus.
My 12, 1, 6, 10, an historian who first discovered the oracle of Trophonius.
My 7, 3, 2, 11, 10, 11, a daughter of Danaus.
My 1, 10, 1, 10, 3, 1, 12, an Iambic poet.
My 1, 10, 3, 9, a Roman widow celebrated for her beauty.
My 7, 11, 7, 8, 10, 6, 12, a town of Laconia.
My 7, 11, 2, 12, 3, 1, a celebrated kingdom of Asia.
My 7, 6, 10, 5, 3, 10, 1, a lake in the country of the Volsci.
My 7, 6, 5, 8, 6, 12, one of the deities of the Samothracians.
My 5, 3, 2, 11, 4, 3, 1, 12, a celebrated prophet of Thebes.
My whole was a celebrated comic poet of Athens.

Richmond, Inda., Dec. 22nd, 1856. MAPLEWOOD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 12, 19, 26, 6, 4, is a county in Michigan.
My 21, 7, 3, 20, 17, 12, is a lake in New York.
My 23, 5, 15, 6, 3, 22, is a town in New Jersey.
My 27, 25, 6, 22, 9, is a river in Michigan.
My 8, 25, 13, 11, is a county in Indiana.
My 15, 9, 1, 12, 6, 8, 24, is a town in New York.
My 5, 6, 16, 3, 12, 7, 13, is a county in New York.
My 21, 24, 23, 22, is a river in New Jersey.
My 3, 16, 4, 18, 6, 12, is a town in New York.
My 10, 24, 13, 2, 3, 7, is a town in New Jersey.
My 15, 6, 12, 9, 16, 3, is a county in Florida.
My 13, 12, 18, 3, 23, is a town in Kentucky.

My whole is a German proverb.

St. Louis. A. B. PHILIBERT.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a neuter plural verb;
My second once called forth derision;
My third's a religious ceremony;
My fourth's a city's division.

My whole is the Revolution was a major-general under Washington. XELA.

Wheeling.

HISTORICAL CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where Lethe's wild waves in madness rave,
My *first* you will discover;
In Eresne now look again,—
My next's been there forever.
The Trojan war raged near and far,
And braves the dust were biting;
To history turn and you'll soon learn,
My *whole* caused all this fighting. CLIN

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname,
You've oft heard it, I ween;
My second is a fairy
That's very seldom seen;
My third you very often do,
'Tis done by nearly all;
My whole is very useful
To both great and small.
Now try to guess this riddle,
"You can if you're sharp,"
And you will very much oblige
Your old friend HAR.

Warren, Vt.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. R. SHEKELL.

1. A Locust.
2. Dr. S. Eolen.
3. A rat.
4. Oh! galt.
5. No more.
6. A crime.
7. Stop! Dan.
8. A saw.

Saline, Mich.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The cube root of the less of two numbers is to the square root of the greater in the duplicate ratio of 2 to 3 and the difference between their square roots is equal the difference between the fourth root of the greater and sixth root of the less. The numbers are required?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are Irish patriots unsuccessful newspaper conductors? Ans.—Because they hate anything like extra 'dition

☞ Why is an infant like a diamond? Ans.—Because it is a *dear little thing.*

☞ What two letters in the alphabet are the most disagreeable to ladies? Ans.—DK. (Decay.)

☞ Why is Tom Ryer like much of the ale said be imported? Ans.—Because he is not of the Engli brew, sirs. (Bruisers.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—"Never put off till morrow that which can be done to-day." PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Beauty is no longer amiable, the while virtue adorns it." BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe CHARADE.—Romeo (Rome E O) CHARADE.—Napoleon Bonaparte. (Nay-Po-Leon-Bone-Nay-part CHARADE.—Missouri. (Miss-sour-ree.) RIDDLE. Friend. PROBLEM.—339-28-28 feet.

ANSWER TO GAHMEW'S CHARADE IN THE POST OF FEB. 28th.

One morning when I *rose* from bed,
I to the garden made my way,
And gathered of your first enough
To make a nice bouquet.

I sought for her who would be glad
To take so small a gift from me,
And found her as she musing sat
Beneath the shelter of a *tree.*

She took it while she bowed to me,
At the same time declaring
That nothing could as pretty be,
But a *rose-tree* in full bearing.

Princeton, N. J. CHARLES LEACH